

the Graphic



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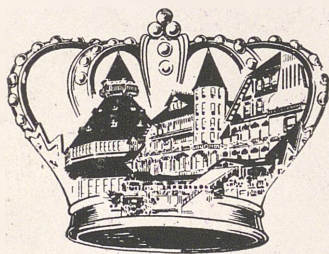
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

SCHWOB—LOEWENTHAL. Miss Alice Schwob, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Schwob of Westmoreland boulevard, Los Angeles to Mr. Paul Loewenthal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Loewenthal of South Flower street, Los Angeles. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

MERCER—ELLSWORTH. Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Mercer of Las Palmas avenue, Hollywood of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Lucile Mercer to Mr. Ellis Ellsworth of the Fifth Company, Coast Artillery. No date has been named for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

WRIGHT—MARXEN. Miss Ruth Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wright of Glendora and Captain Edward Marxen, 160th Infantry Headquarters Company, Camp Kearny. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. Captain Marxen and his bride will reside at La Jolla until he is ordered elsewhere.

MAXWELL—KEITH. Miss Adelaide Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Maxwell of Chicago and Mr. Harold H. Keith, son of Mrs. Eldridge Keith, also of Chicago. The ceremony took place at the home of Mrs. A. F. Gartz of Altadena, Tuesday morning, February 19. Mr. and Mrs. Keith will pass the remainder of the winter in Southern California, but will make their home in Chicago.

TWIST—ROBINSON. Miss Violet Twist and Mr. Homer Robinson, both of Santa Ana. The marriage was solemnized at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Monday, February 11.

PURCELL—GILBERT. Miss Mary Helen Purcell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Purcell and Mr. William Gordon Gilbert. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert will make their home in Los Angeles.

BARHAM—YOUNG. Mrs. Louise Barham of Los Angeles and Mr. Ralph Blaisdell Young of Evanston, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Young will make their home at their country estate "La Sierra Vista Rancho," in the Owens Valley.

LEWIS—BRILY. Miss Marguerite Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lewis of Gates street, Los Angeles and Mr. Ralph A. Brily. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, Tuesday evening, February 19. Following an extended wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Brily will make their home in Los Angeles.

NEWTON—BARNES. Miss Genevieve Louise Newton of Los Angeles and Mr. George A. Barnes of Flint, Michigan. Mr. Barnes and his bride will make their home in Flint.

PERKINS—GREEN. Miss Lucy Perkins of Memphis, Tennessee and Mr. Kenneth Slavden Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Green of Los Angeles. The marriage was celebrated Friday, February 15 at the home of the bridegroom's parents.

CHAPMAN—GILLERN. Miss Mary Chapman, daughter of the late Judge John S. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman of North Andrews boulevard and Lieutenant Robert Gillern, of the Twenty-first Infantry, now stationed at Camp Kearny. The marriage took place in San Diego, Wednesday, February 20.

HORNBY—WOODFORD. Miss Eleanor F. Hornby and Mr. Charles J. Woodford of New York. The marriage took place at the home of the bridegroom in South Marengo avenue, Pasadena, February 18. The bride is well known in Burbank.

LOYHED—HOWARD. Mrs. Mary A. Loyhed and Mr. Clark Howard of Placerville, Eldorado County. The marriage took place at the home of the bride, 1443 Winfield street, Los Angeles, Friday, February 15, with the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker officiating.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Gibson of 1908 West Twenty-first street are receiving felicitations over the arrival of a small son, on February 11.

Felicitations are being extended Dr. and Mrs. Hill Hastings of Russell avenue, Hollywood, upon the arrival of a wee daughter who came to gladden their home February 19.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Nathaniel Nelson of Romeo street, Los Angeles, are also rejoicing over the arrival of a small boy in their home.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

March 1. One of the pleasing entertainments of the year will be the dancing carnival at the Majestic theater, which will be participated in by nearly two-score of the most talented children of Los Angeles. Miss Bessie Crouch will be the premier danseuse of the evening.

March 1. Mrs. Forbes Lindsay will entertain at her home, 6767 Yucca avenue, Hollywood, with a "Tacky party" for the young people of the Hollywood Junior Auxiliary.

March 2. The annual masquerade ball will be held at Hotel Maryland. The ball is especially in honor of soldiers and sailors, and Saturday evening is the more convenient for them to attend.

CLUB CALENDAR

EBELL.—Monday, March 4. Musicale, Desider Josef Vecsei, pianist, and Madame Anna Sprutte, mezzo-soprano.

Monday, March 11. John Masfield, poet, sailor, playwright, fictionist and compiler, will give a lecture, "The War and the Future," based on personal experiences at the front.

Monday, March 18. Irish Poetry by Miss Mary Agnes Doyle, interpreter of literature, assisted by Miss Esther Rhoads, harpist.

FRIDAY MORNING CLUB.—March 1, Madame Simone A. Puget will give a talk on "French Poets and Writers Killed in the War."

March 8 (for members only) Two one-act plays will be presented from the Community Theater of Hollywood. Miss Nelye Dickson will be the director.

March 15. (For members only) John Masfield, the famous English poet, will give an interesting talk on "The War and the Future."

ART

During month of March Exhibit of paintings by Dana Bartlett at The Friday Morning Club.

March 5-30. Exhibit of the paintings of the L. A. Modern Art Society at the Second Floor of the Brack Shops.



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GOLF

Los Angeles Country Club regular Saturday cup sweepstakes—two classes: Scratch to ten inclusive; twelve to twenty-four inclusive.

March 1. Finals. Championship and second flight. Coronado Country Club.

March 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Veteran's Cup. For golfers fifty years of age and over, guests of Hotel del Coronado.

March 6, 7, 8, 9. Southern California Golf Association Invitation Tournament at Annandale Country Club.

March 7. Pro four-ball match, Belleair.

March 8-9. West Coast Championship, Belleair.

March 11-15. Amateur Championship, Belleair.

March 22-23. Open Professional Golf Tournament, Asheville Country Club.

March 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Handicap Tournament at Coronado Country Club, for golfers holding handicap of 12 or over.

March 27, 28, 29, 30. Southern California Golf Association Invitation Tournament at Midwick Country Club.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

April 10-13. Third Annual April Invitation Tournament, Asheville Country Club.

TENNIS

March 2. Florida State Championship, Palm Beach (Fla.) T. C.

March 11. Women's National Indoor Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

March 21. Invitation Singles and Doubles, Longwood Covered Courts, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

MUSIC

March 1. L. A. Symphony Orchestra at Clune's Auditorium; Constance Bal-four, soloist.

March 2. Matinee. Theo. Karle, American Baritone, at Trinity Auditorium.

March 8. Orpheus Club concert at Trinity Auditorium.

March 12. Frieda Hempel, Soprano, at Trinity Auditorium.

March 14. Lyric Club Concert at Trinity Auditorium.

March 15. Sonato Evening at Blanchard Hall by May McDonald Hope, Pianist, and Josef Rosenfeld, Violinist, assisted by Charles Henri de la Plé, Basso.

March 21. Piano and song recital at Blanchard Hall by Arthur Franklin Fuller.

March 23. Matinee. Helen Thorner, Contralto, at Trinity Auditorium.

April 5. L. A. Symphony Orchestra at Clune's Auditorium.

DOG SHOWS

March 1-3. Indianapolis Kennel Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

March 7-9. Central Ohio Kennel Club, Columbus, Ohio.

HORSE SHOWS

April 15-22. Wynnewood Pony Show.

April 17-19. Brooklyn Horse Show.

April 23-25. New York Spring Horse Show.

April 29-30. Philadelphia Indoor Show.

May 16-18. Wilmington Horse Show.

May 29 June 1. Devon Horse Show.

June 9. Tuxedo Horse Show.

June 19-22. White Plains Horse Show.

MISCELLANEOUS

March 8, 9. Track and Field competition for members of the Army and Navy, Meadow Brook Club, Philadelphia.

March 14-22. Annual Flower Show, Grand Central Palace.

March 22-23. Intercollegiate Wrestling Association, Columbia University.

April 29-May 11. Textile Exposition, Grand Central Palace.

June 1-8. National Music Show, Grand Central Palace.

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The Graphic

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Publishers' Announcement

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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Steckel

MRS. RANDOLPH ZANE

And little daughter, Margery. Mrs. Zane, who is the daughter of Governor and Mrs. Stephens, arrived recently to be their guest at the executive mansion during the time her husband, Captain Zane, is in France. Later she will come down to Los Angeles for a visit with relatives and her host of friends.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE RECORD OF Von Bernstorff, Von Papen, Boy-Ed and the rest of the "forty thieves" of German 'diplomacy' in Washington reads like a dime novel of the Ned Buntline brand. They lied, bribed, plotted, intrigued, and dissimulated at the very dining tables and under the roof of the White House. Murder, arson and robbery was their favorite "rule of three." Conscience they had none, and all laws,—international, national, the laws of humanity, hospitality and decency were matters of mere hilarity to them. Only Boy-Ed, half a Turk, did not approve of the sinking of the Lusitania. He said it was "a blunder." It was certainly that, at least. As for Von Bernstorff, he drank a toast to the U-boat which sank the ship with its scores of women and babies aboard. All of these "diplomats" reckoned Americans as weaklings or fools, easily hoodwinked, and readily betrayed. Comedies of trickery were rehearsed among themselves to be subsequently played before administration officials, and the utmost contempt was displayed as to the possession of the faintest glimmerings of intelligence among public officers in the United States. It was an effective farce while it lasted, but it was played too coarsely to last for an indefinite time. It held out as long as it did because the American people could not at first believe that the personal representative of a German Emperor, the accredited official of a so-called civilized nation, in appearance a man, and supposedly a gentleman, was in reality a murderer, an incendiary, and a thief, garnished out with a tinsel decoration, and disguised in a dress suit.

CLAMS, SNAILS, AND the chambered nautilus represent the three main classes of the Mollusca, one of the greatest divisions of the Animal Kingdom, as stated by the United States Geological Survey. The ammonoid, according to the same authority, is now extinct, but that is a mistaken idea on the part of the able scientists who represent the United States Geological Survey. The distinguishing features of the ammonoid family was that "each ammonoid lived in a shell that it made itself, and, as it grew, it moved forward from time to time and built a shelly partition behind itself." The world is full of human "ammonoids," as well as "clams" and "snails" (not to mention "lobsters") and the old trick of living in "a shell" made by "himself" or "herself" continues to be worked to perfection. An improvement noted among biped "ammonoids," is the tendency to build "shelly partitions" of selfishness on every side of themselves, in order to more completely isolate their lives from their fellow-men and women. The human "clam" is a very poor specimen. So is the human "snail"; but they are much to be preferred, despite their signal shortcomings, to the "human ammonoid." To be perfectly frank, now, are you, or are you not an "ammonoid"?

A NEW TURN has been taken in the trend of War events by the entering of labor into the realm of diplomacy. It will be instructive to follow the movement. No one can foretell what effect will be had on the weltering ocean of warfare by such an "undertow."

That it is a powerful force, is not to be doubted; that it has started, is another self-evident fact. What its ultimate influence will be, is, at present writing, entirely problematical. If Labor tries to force a peace, it will do well to remember that the first thing necessary is a peace on such a basis as will make it lasting. The world is in no mood for a continuous performance of present conditions. It does not look forward with pleasurable anticipation to first one Armageddon and then another.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY the evolution towards a saner method of education is being evolved. Studies once listed as compulsory are now being made optional, and fewer studies are being given to the younger children. It has gradually dawned upon Educators that one hundred children of different nationalities, surroundings, and inclinations, represent one hundred separate individualities, not a combined unit of similar natures. The old insistence of drumming music into every child, willy-nilly, is also being abandoned by the more sensible teachers.

A child who's taught against his will
Remains an ignoramus still.

It is possible to coat a child's mind with a thin veneer of knowledge about subjects he has no interest in; but this varnish of learning will crack and peel off rapidly as soon as the child is removed from the influence of the school room. After teaching children to read, spell, write and speak correctly, it is not a bad idea to find out what studies appeal to them particularly. Give them a chance to choose. In acquiring and retaining knowledge an ounce of enthusiasm is better than a pound of pedagogy.

EDITH CAVELL

Martyr to duty done
Nobly and well;
Dead, with a glory won
Ages will tell.

All that she suffered for
Still to be sought;
All she has perished for
Sacrifice wrought.

One with the soldiers
Who valiantly came,
Fighting for liberty—
Sacred her name.

Not to be hidden
Low in the grave;
Shrined with the bravest
Of all of the brave.

What a rare soul was her's
Steadfast, sublime;
Sister to Jeanne d'Arc
Crowned for all time.

Never forgotten
So will she stand;
Never forgiven
The murderer's hand.

Sound her the bugle's blast
Toll her no knell;
Carve her a monument
There where she fell.

Sound her a bugle strain
Tearless each cheek;
What! has she died in vain?
Liberty,—speak!

BY THE WAY

THERE is an old saying about the pen being mightier than the sword, but while his illustrious ancestor, whose name he bears, won his way into the annals of the famous with his pen, Lieutenant Washington Irving, N. S. N., has chosen to carve his way to fame with his sword, or better yet, with Uncle Sam's big naval guns. Lieutenant Irving is an Annapolis man. A number of years ago he was graduated from the United States naval academy, and later achieved a first lieutenantcy. Then followed a divergence from the navy into a business career and Lieutenant Irving, without his title, became identified in San Francisco as one of the northern city's most prominent business men. Suddenly came our country's entry into the great world conflict and throughout the breadth and length of the United States came Uncle Sam's call for men. Lieutenant Washington Irving quietly picked up his sword and other paraphernalia and regalia and as promptly deserted his quarters in the University Club in San Francisco, while the Pacific Union and other of his favorite clubs missed him from their regular gatherings. In the assignment to duty Lieutenant Irving was sent southward to the Naval Training station at San Pedro, where he is now an instructor in navigation, being head of the classes for officers. Lieutenant Irving has a host of friends, not only in his home city, San Francisco, but also in Los Angeles and vicinity.

A KNICKERBOCKER VISITOR

JOSEPH French Johnson, Dean of the School of Commerce, New York University, is a visitor to Los Angeles for the first time, and is stopping at The Alexandria hotel, which he says is certainly a notable hostelry. Mr. Johnson declares that the pictures he had of Los Angeles fell far short of what he found our city to be, and he says further that the western cities are, in his judgment, very much more up-to-date and metropolitan in their manner than the cities of the East. He is an old-time companion of Frank A. Vanderlip in the newspaper business, having been with the Chicago Tribune at the time Mr. Vanderlip first began work as a newspaper man. Mr. Johnson founded the Spokane Spokesman, afterwards merged with the Review, the paper now being the Spokane Spokesman-Review. He is a financial writer and authority of wide repute. New York, Mr. Johnson reports, is keenly alive to the necessities of the war, and is bending all of her great resources and boundless energy to the work ahead. As he is from the East on a vacation, he intends spending some time in Los Angeles and vicinity, which he selected as a much more desirable spot for real enjoyment than any other point to be reached.

WAR WORK OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES

VASSAR, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Bryn Mawr and many other noted Women's Colleges of The United States have gone to work systematically to help in the work of carrying on the war. "Agricultural units" have been formed which have sent many of the girl students right into the fields for farm labor, relief funds have been collected, clothing and surgical dressings procured and sent forward, college war gardens successfully conducted, social features and dancing given up, personal expenditures curtailed, and innumerable other patriotic measures undertaken. Verily the feminine citizens of our country are worthy of their high station as women; an honor and an ornament to their sex.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel, Thou!"

CIRCUMLOCUTORY SALESMANSHIP

AFTER a strenuous experience in shopping in one of our justly celebrated department stores, it is refreshing to a stranger to wait his turn at the crowded soda fountain, standing for a half hour, first on one foot and then on the other before obtaining a seat. It is doubly refreshing, after this vantage point is gained, to find that his money, whether silver, gold or currency is useless, and that he must go to another department to there wait his turn and obtain the necessary identification slip to be presented at the soda fountain before he can quench his thirst. In due time the present system can be enlarged, and a shave, shine, hair-cut and shampoo added, together with a brief history of one's life, Bertillon measurements, registration of finger-prints, weight, height, color of hair and eyes, age, race, sex, and previous condition of servitude, before he can lift the sacred glass to his lips. "Urban simplicity, how I adore thee."

NORDICA MONEY COMES

AT last Mrs. Imogene Castillo, of West Twenty-eighth street, sister of Lillian Nordica, has come into the bequest made her by her celebrated sister four years ago. A New Jersey court has upheld the will, against the claims of Nordica's surviving husband, George W. Young, of Jersey City. It will be remembered that Nordica made her will four months prior to her death at Batavia, Java, in 1914, she having been taken ill at Thursday Island, while en route to India. Mr. Young contested this will in favor of a previous one, saying that the last will was made when she was incompetent from illness. A number of large bequests were thus upheld which considerably reduced Mr. Young's inheritance, as the first will left nearly all the property to him. On the several occasions when Nordica sang in Los Angeles, she was the guest of Mrs. Castillo, who was handsomely remembered in the last will.

GIVE CREDIT TO THE NEGRO

WEKKLY War News Digest chronicles the fact that 75,000 negroes have been certified for service in the army now being raised, or eight per cent of the total enlistment. Out of every 100 colored men called, says the Digest, 36 were certified for service as against 25 certified out of every 100 white men called. One of the dispatches in the Civil War, from a Northern Commander, contained these words: "the colored troops fought nobly." It was not the only time that the negro proved his worth as a soldier. In the Indian

warfare on the frontier, following the war between the States, the negro soldiers, (sometimes christened Brunettes) fought gallantly many times against the savages. At San Juan Hill they were very much in evidence in the thick of the fight. The negro is certainly entitled to credit and appreciation for his showing in the present war.

A NOTABLE RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE

COLONEL George Filmer of the American Red Cross, Pacific Division, and Director, Bureau of Military Relief is now in the city, and stopping at the Alexandria Hotel. Colonel Filmer's Head-quarters are in San Francisco. Speaking of the tremendous amount of work which is being done along the line of Red Cross activities throughout The United States, he paid a splendid compliment to the women of the country, and to the Women's Clubs, which have done such remarkable work and are continuing to do so much for the Red Cross. Colonel Filmer says that over one million sweaters alone have been knitted by the women of America, and that this represents at least 500,000 women who are doing this particular work alone. These sweaters are being forwarded to France as fast as possible.



LIEUTENANT WASHINGTON IRVING, U. S. N.

Stationed at the San Pedro training station as an instructor in navigation.

Lieutenant Irving deserted his clubs and business interests in San Francisco to answer Uncle Sam's call.

He was a former Annapolis man.

FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW

By HAMILTON LITTLE

WE are to have a county fair. Having become metropolitan enough to support a harbor, some parks, a few boulevards and even a couple of real public buildings—however architects may differ—we are now going back to the “small time,” and entertain next fall the fat pig, the blooded stock, the fast horses that trot, and the home-made jellies and pies, with the big red apple and the succulent cabbage on the side. Well, why not? I have often wondered why we didn't make some attempt to compete with the upstate region in this fair proposition. Sacramento has had a monopoly on it for a good while and it is the one excuse, annually, for going to the capital city—for the legislature is not an excuse, even, generally speaking. Now that we show signs of life along these lines, I hope we make it a “hummer,” and that the prizes be liberal, the entertainment varied and the visitors many. As the proceeds go to the Red Cross, we are doing a patriotic thing anyhow, and the enterprise should have full swing and support.

THIS city should have an “Agin it” club; one that belies its name by standing for progress. And as a few of the tenets of its belief and for rallying points in its career, I suggest: We are “agin it” when it is proposed to abandon the opening of Broadway, north, south, or any other way. We are “agin it” when it is proposed to abandon or delay the Second street tunnel. We are “agin it” when it is sought to delay or postpone the completion of the West First street boulevard. We are “agin it” when it is planned to abandon or delay the taking over of Bimini slough and its conversion into Silver Lake Parkway. We are “agin it” when it comes to preventing any bona fide industry getting a site at the harbor. We are “agin” anything and everything that tends to set back Los Angeles or to keep it in the village class. What about it? Let's all join.

IS there not an ordinance duly made and provided, whereby bicycles are supposed to carry bells, or horns, lights at night, license numbers, and be run at decent and moderate speed, with due care for other traffic and pedestrians? Or are bicycles exempt from all traffic rules? One of the greatest menaces downtown are the reckless bicyclists. They dash in and out of alleys and business houses, they weave through the congestion, they slip along silently and swiftly, and at the most, if their riders condescend at all to utter warning, it is a shrill whistle or a hoot or a curse at the unwary in their path. I have seen many a woman besmirched by some ill-bred go-devil, who scraped her with his wheel, and then laughed at her dismay. A few stern repressive measures would add greatly to the pleasure of navigation downtown. Let's try 'em out.

WHAT with all this councilmanic talk of conserving the sidewalks for the use of pedestrians, and banishing therefrom the overflow of business, why not take equal heed of the roadways of our congested streets? I never could quite figure out why any man, because he ran a rent-auto or taxi, had any right to make of the public thoroughfare his business habitat; in other words, why he could, should or would keep his car cluttering up the curb, the while he lolled in it awaiting passengers. What justice is there in that? Why not equally let the merchant station a counter in the gutter and sell goods therefrom? The malodorous lunch wagon, the whistling peanut stand, and a few more do so, and seemingly with the same right; surely with as much inconvenience to the public. The streetes are for the use of all, but not as business marts. Let us send the rent cars, the lunch carts and the peanutters away, and eliminate a deal of the downtown congestion.

MOTORISTS, next year, will be able to secure their new licenses here without the trouble, delay and vexatious foolishness that has existed in the past, when everyone was required to send to Sacramento for them. It's about time that, so far as autoists are concerned, the dog ceases to be wagged by the upstate tail. With by far the larger number of autos here anyhow, it would be the sensible thing, if licensing can be handled from only one point, to move that point to the proximity of the majority of car owners. No one ever could understand why an auxiliary office could not be maintained here, anyhow, but it took the awful gumming-up that has ensued this season to drive the facts into the heads of the powers that be, upstate.



WE have had wheatless days, meatless days, porkless days, sugarless days, and a few more, but we have escaped the heatless days of back east. However, we will soon have again our clothesless days—for the beach season is likely to open almost any time now. And in the meantime, there is Theda Bara—why not Theda Bare?—in the pictures, who comes about as near being clothesless as the naked eye can see. Smoked glasses rented in the lobby, and blinders attached to each seat, I understand, is the rule at that particular theatre just now.

THE fact that the new Broadway lighting system is held up because of the cost of pig iron led one merchant to remark to me that the deal should have been “pork-less” from the first, and then it would have gone through in jig time. Now, I wonder just what he means.

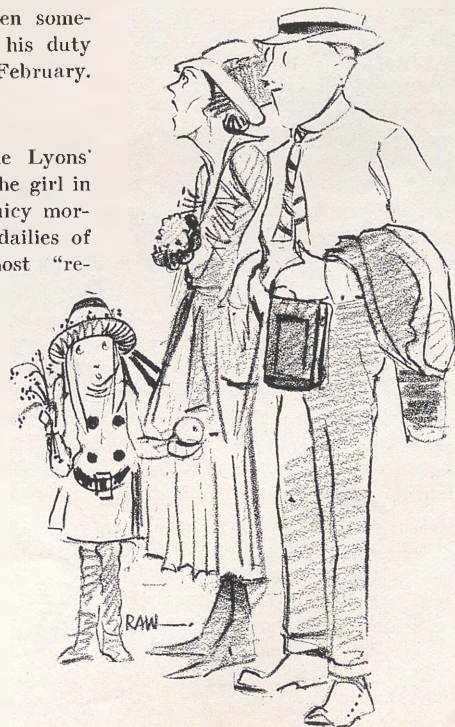
WE have to vote again on the jitneys downtown, just as I feared; the matter goes on the next ballot. Which only proves again that while vox populi may be the voice of God also, it must be that He doesn't always hear what we have to say, or He wouldn't accept our mouthings as His own. Can you imagine Broadway again cluttered up with the old hulks and hunksatin that made it a jeer and a byway? Let's turn 'em down so hard this time that they'll stay buried forever.

THE old street seems to be coming back,” remarked a Broadwayite to me, as he noted several new shops opening up, a new building or two announced, and the usual throngs parading the sidewalks of Broadway. Coming back? It never was gone! A city can have only one main stem, and it will take a lot to eliminate Broadway from that proud place, let me tell you. Watch the gleam of lights about the new theatre at Third, and follow the glow clear out to Tenth, and you'll see that it is still our principal thoroughfare. Good luck to all side streets, say I, but me for Broadway, strong!

THERE will be two classes of people in the land soon—those who have to pay income tax, and those who don't. The income tax used to set apart a few millionaires, but now it embraces a great portion of our populace, and really, one is quite out of it—almost in the pauper class, y'know—if he doesn't pay Uncle Sam a stipend. Do I? Yea, even I.

JUST about now, I am wondering what the folks who fell financially for the Hatfield rain making propaganda think about it. Of course, it's their own affair, but at that, old J. Pluv. seems to have got on the job in a fashion that is quite all that is necessary. He may have been somewhat late, but he has “done his duty noble” since the middle of February. Let us all give thanks.

THE sordid details of the Lyons' slaying and the trial of the girl in the case seem to have been juicy morsels for our great religious dailies of late. Somehow, even the most “religious” of these papers fell hard for the slimy story, and there was little left to the imagination when they finished. At that, however, the bevy of young girls and women who fought their way into the court room probably heard a few cuss words and the like that the papers omitted. A sorry spectacle, the whole thing—and yet they asked Lyon to be mayor here once!! The value of such filth to “the home circle” ought to be “simply immense.”



MODERN ART IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR G. VERNON



Evening Group, by George Bellows

CREATIVE Art, in common with all theoretic science, is essentially dependent upon growth for any substance that it may contain. Finding its unit in the individuality of the artist, it is multiplied into and inter-related with a fluid forward movement, marching with greater or lesser strides. At times it falters, but that hesitation is only a strengthening period, a breathing space that reacts with accumulated dynamism when unleashed. In time past these rest periods were of longer duration than in the present fast moving epoch. As social, practical and theoretic science is controlled by modern methods of commerce, publicity and ease of communication, thus is creative Art governed. As these factors develop, distances lessen, and the day of the solitary Metropolis of Art is passing. Whereas in different times in the history of Art a sole Metropolis was recognized, at present several cities can justly claim pretensions to that distinction.

To increase this tendency is the educational duty of all, each in the manner most personally fitting. To fight this battle of civilization, to correlate great minds, to bind all progress into one potent forward movement is to bring about efficiency. Civilization demands of us that we should inform ourselves of the development of our century, and the conscientious cannot afford to neglect any detail coincident with this growth. The mind interested in the development of any particular science may find invaluable stimulation in the demonstration of another. A conscientious examination of history will reveal the common progress of all mental expression. Rich periods of creative Art were coincident with great discovery in Science. They are common reactions to like incentives, separated only in instrumentality.

Consequently when an opportunity is afforded to study the expression of important exponents of any branch of creative Art the response should be enthusiastic. Open minds should be brought to the examination of these demonstrations of our century's creation, the same willingness to be convinced that one might show toward a branch of Science that bears a more intimate relation. Prejudice and habit of mind, the greatest enemies of modern thought, should be abandoned to the degree that human shortcomings may permit. Age and reaction assert themselves most definitely in the form of intolerance, and the boast of the open mind can best be corroborated by thinking a bit before venturing into sweeping denunciation. Remember always, the artist (if he be sincere) is working only from the personal point of view, for his own fullest expression. His work is not for his audience. He only exposes it to his audience. The spectator can get what he is willing to give, and no more; his attitude should be as much the student as that of the author of the work analyzed.

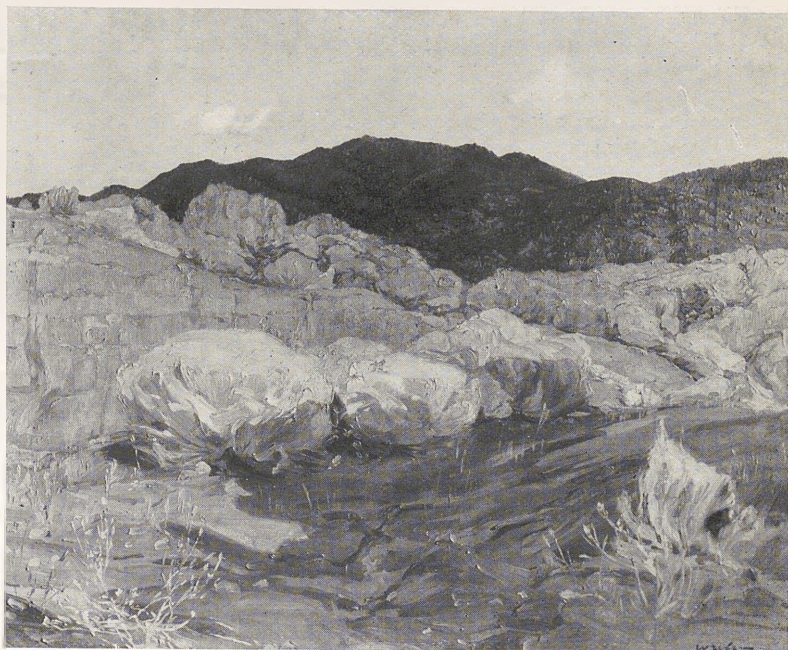
The Modern Art Society will show in connection with their own work a collection of canvases by contemporary artists of the East. They have chosen the artists who have fought the fight and conquered, rather than those who are yet indecisively engaged in battle. By this act they have not only gained authority, but they have avoided a degree of bellicosity that might have disagreeable features. None of these invited artists but has

been recognized by the critics of his habitat, and many of them are accepted wherever contemporary painting has a regular following. It will be amusing to learn the attitude of local art audiences toward these tested painters, for we have distressingly inadequate opportunities to follow what is being done away from home. It may be difficult for those who are not familiar with the work of these painters to establish a just estimate from the single example shown in all but one case. Artists progress through steps of development, and it is essential at times to understand what has gone before to form a true judgment. The retrospective exhibition is the most just manner for the artist to reveal himself.

Robert Henri was unable to comply with his desire to be represented here. This is particularly unfortunate for he is undoubtedly the American leader of modern Art and modern thought as applied to things artistic. Many of the local exhibitors have been influenced by him. Not only as a painter is he prominent, but as a militant exponent of freedom from the restraints of the academies. A fighter and a thinker, equipped with extraordinary means of expressing his dissent, he has possibly been the instrument of freeing more painters than any other one influence in America. This means not only his students but his colleagues. He stands today, as during the past two decades, as the exemplar of growth in Art, loved by his sympathizers and respected by his opponents. I hope that circumstances will permit a delayed contribution from his vital brush.

Maurice Prendergast has sent a meditative, allegorical canvas, as alive to modern color experiment as it is replete with his own personal charm. No other contemporary American painter, with the possible exception of Arthur B. Davies can be compared with him as to personality and originality. His entry though quiet and nonobtrusive, projects an insinuating intimacy that can only be described as lovable. William J. Glackens is an anomaly to me. He has adopted almost completely the convention of Renoir and yet he never gives me the plagiarist-pain. He is not a plagiarist, he is the exceptional artist who has found a tool that he can use, and it a tool only that Renoir represents to him. His contribution, "Cafe Lafayette" offers a world of information to the student of scientific color. From George Bellows the contribution is fortunate; less cock-sure than usual and with a minimum of his sensationalism. It is the harsher, more decisive mood that to me represents Bellows' truer nature. The hard demonstration of an intensely active constitution, from my point of view, is of truer worth than the commonplace softening that is usually accepted as refinement. I have no reference to the Pseudo-virility of the Academic swift-impressionist who attempts (and at times achieves) spontaneity at the expense of thought. Exuberance alone is so purely physical that it can take but a minor place in the estimate of intellectual painting. Two canvases by Paul Burlin will be shown, but at this writing they were still en route and must wait until my next article for a review.

Of the Chicago group I cannot be so enthusiastic. The still-life by Grace Ravlin is quietly charming and the "Toward Evening" by Walter Ufer contains certain qualities that can claim association with the group. But the work by Victor Higgins can hardly claim that distinction.



Toward Evening, by Walter Ufer

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

DREAMS AND BOOKS, are each a world, and we know that books are a substantial world, both pure and good.

ARE you a Walpoleian? If not the reason is obvious. You do not know Hugh Walpole, and not to know him and his books is to miss much. He is one of the youngest of the younger generation of English novelists, and it would, indeed, be most difficult to put a finger upon a more distinguished or talented litterateur. The London Bookman recently pointed out the fact that Walpole at the age of thirty-four had "written almost as much in solid word for word bulk as many of the great novelists whose works reflect a philosophy of experience, slowly and painfully acquired through a long life of triumph and delusion stopping only at the grave."

His talent has a remarkable spaciousness, a broad sweep of mind, a strength and vigor that few of his contemporaries possess, and at the same time he is pronounced a stylist, with a "literary conscience." His passionate intensity of thought always carries conviction, and his books, each and all, show a penetrating knowledge of humanity, a delicacy of humor, which usually takes a delightfully whimsical note, a finely distilled strain of romance, a rare appreciation of beauty, and a bigness of spirit which seems to proclaim that he has found life good, and it has brought him many things. I question if he has a jaundiced view of any of its phases.

The book which just made him really known to American readers was "Fortitude," a wonderful book with a Dickensian atmosphere but a modern swiftness of movement. That was followed by the "Duchess of Wrex," the characterization in which is worthy of Thackeray, and the story worked out to the finest detail, in such a manner as to make one feel that it is etched rather than written. He gives a quaint dignity to his books by echoing the stately steps of generations that are gone, but there is always the robustness of modernity. He knows his England and makes us know it, almost as Kipling has made us know India. Not that he confines himself to his own country in his writing, for in the "Dark Forest" he gives us a most convincing picture of Russia and makes his Russians pleasanter people than most of their own novelists have made them.

"The Green Mirror," the latest book from Mr. Walpole's pen is a story of a *Family*, a family with all the prejudices which come from custom, and the tyrannies which come from selfish affection. It shows the war which wages between age and youth, Past and Present, and the characters which people the book are so real and human and live that one sees and feels them, they exist. The love story is intricate and interesting to the point of intensity and ends in the approved fairy tale way.

Mr. Walpole is said to be quite unspoiled by success, proving himself as big as his work. He is indisputably one of the very brightest ornaments of the present day literary world, and a high credit to the art of the day.

His publishers are George H. Doran & Co., New York.

A NEW novelist, has, with rather startling suddenness, and no apparent reason, just burst upon the literary(?) horizon of Los Angeles, the product of his obviously amateur pen being dignified by the euphonious and illuminating title "Must Woman Ever and Man Never Forgive?" The author carefully proclaims in the brief foreword, that he does not claim

to be erudite (he will probably not be contradicted) and that he has endeavored to faithfully portray events as they are recalled from the past. But we are constrained to wonder why he wishes to resuscitate events from the pages of such a distressingly ordinary and uninterestingly sordid past. It is always permissible to pluck fruit from "The Tree of Knowledge" but why pluck only that which is grown on hopelessly dwarfed and semi-barren trees. If a novelist chokes to probe the moral plague spots of our social system we will not cry him nay, but why, oh why, should the ordinary observer, who has witnessed a few small town, back door episodes of commonplace, everyday human life, feel himself divinely appointed to produce a "purpose novel," in which he ponderously and didactically endeavors to make the punishment fit the crime. Why weaken the

big issues of life by fighting them with poor weapons? The morality of the world from the standpoint of sex has ever been a much mooted question, and has never been more poignantly potent than it is today, and its solution is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished, but let it be discussed by a clear visioned writer who sees life broadly and recognizes it in all its infinite complexities. Mr. Lightfoot may have a mission, and unquestionably he is earnest, but even the most wonderful dictum should be accompanied by some diction. We don't quibble at split infinitives, but neither do we care to grow dizzy endeavoring to follow such a wild and weird jumbling of tenses, or the alphabetically mysterious list of towns and states in which the characters reside. Mr. Lightfoot has ideas and convictions which make for justice but he cannot be called a novelist.

EVE, ever new in her infinite variety, is most decidedly and distinctly new and various in a collection of drawings and skits achieved by Fish and Fowl, and reprinted from "The Tatler." The fair Eve runs the gamut of desperate adventures after the manner of Eves old or new, from sea-bathing to marriage. Fish's drawings are new—awfully new. A little too new in spots, perhaps; but for the most part humorous with a chuckly humor. Eve, vibrating between a choice of five hats each more weirdly insane than all the rest; Eve very—oh, very—ill, and limp, with such a learned doctor attending; Eve and Evelinda caught (accidentally) by the tide, and yelling for help; Eve and Evelinda gallantly rescued by wonderful males (eyeless—yes,

really—for the newness of the thing); Eve in her bath, visible only as to the head and toes, the chief center of interest being the wee and clever absurdity of her slippers in the decorative foreground. Also, there is 'Tou-tou, Eve's "ducky lamby" dog, omnipresent, and composed of curves and flourishes astounding; there are the friends and enemies of Eve, the social lights and social botes, cleverly enough portrayed, frequently eyeless or noseless, often entirely featureless, and still astonishingly expressive, in this newest of new art. The New Eve is an entertaining production; and if at times the pictures are a trifle difficult, there is always the accompanying text which is verbally illuminating, and there is not the slightest excuse for a misunderstanding. We wonder what our own really truly Godmother Eve would have remarked if she could have glanced over this entertaining volume? Would she have arched her pretty eyebrows, and consulted the serpent as to what his views might be on the subject? What *would* the "Old Eve" have said? (*The New Eve* by Fish and Fowl, John Lane and Co., New York.)



HUGH WALPOLE

The talented litterateur whose manuscripts are marketed by the Doran Co.

MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

THE scenic beauty and the grandeur of the Sequoia National Park as well as the adjacent mountain country have been to the motorist of California and from elsewhere as a closed book for the reason that the roads entering this sequestered wonderland have hardly reached the stage that may be safely qualified as "automobile highways."

Although a survey of a government map of the section may convey the idea that these roads could best be covered in the old fashioned way, the journey is easily negotiable in the late spring and during the summer months—and even into the fall—by the average driver with the average car. As far as Three Rivers, the road is in very good condition and from there on the difficulties that may be encountered are but those incident to travel in such sections where the highways are worked about twice yearly.

But even though the roads are not paved and the signs not all they should be, there is a certain thrill that comes with venturing into a country where the travel is infrequent and where the comforts and luxuries of an effete civilization are left behind. The scenery of the High Sierras is beautiful, grand and awesome, and a week or more spent camping there cannot fail to put a punch into a fellow as nothing else can do.

North of the Sequoia park Mount Whitney rears its rocky head where it towers over the Kern River valley, justly celebrated as one of the attractions of the Pacific Coast. For that matter it should be classified as one of the scenic attractions of the whole country, and probably it will be when Kern county realizes what an asset it is, and through the medium of proper publicity sends the news broadcast.

Lovers of nature may revel in the groves of the giant Sequoia trees, said to be the oldest and at the same time the most majestic of all nature's living things. The General Sherman tree, said to be thousands of years old, raises its head more than two hundred and seventy feet in the air. The sharp edges of the Saw Tooth range reach high above the timber line and against a sky that seems to be ever blue.

And the sportsman who dotes on spots where the elusive trout is not pestered with a continual whipping of the stream, can in the Sequoia country realize his heart's desire, for it is there that he may find the golden variety, the most succulent in the opinion of many, of the fish family.

In the country back of the park is the deserted Mineral King section, now inhabited by a lone prospector and miner, while to the south and east, deserted buildings mark the sight of a once prosperous logging camp. The trip by automobile each way may be made in one and one-half days and very easily in two days.

THE spirit of Hooverism is more and more permeating our daily life. One well-to-do Los Angeles owner of more than one automobile is now keeping an accurate account of the cost of keeping up his cars and with an evident feeling of pride, he announced recently at one of his clubs, that he was doing the accounting himself. He further stated that due to his personal attention, he had reduced the upkeep by a considerable figure and that if others would do the same thing, the saving throughout the country would perhaps reach a surprising figure.

S. F. SEAGER of S. F. Seager and Company, automobile distributors, in a recent run from Bishop to Los Angeles, demonstrated that through consistent driving a long trip can be accomplished in a handy fashion. In spite of a layer of snow several inches deep that covered the ground from Bishop to Mojave, and untoward road conditions, the distance, a little better than three hundred miles, was covered in twelve hours and fifty minutes, actual running time. Mr. Seager, who had been inspecting mining properties, held the wheel the entire distance.

DURING the recent rainy spells, members of the city's traffic squad got next to an easy manner of ascertaining those owners or drivers of automobiles who left their cars standing in the business section beyond the time limit. Between showers the pavement soon dried, and cars left

at the curbs protected the stretch of asphalt beneath from rains that followed. Keeping tabs on the time of rainfall and the dry places beneath the cars was a much easier method than using the chalk on the tires.

SAN Francisco's second annual automobile show which was opened Saturday evening, February 16 and which continued through last week, was one of the biggest and the most elaborate ever held west of Chicago in the opinions of those who evidently know whereof they speak.

The decorative scheme which was supervised by Herman Rosse, who was in charge of the decorative work in the peace palace at The Hague, was truly artistic and even magnificent and the many beautiful cars were set off to excellent advantage. The immense Exposition auditorium readily lends itself to affairs of that sort and Los Angeles dealers who visited the show were not slow in appreciating this fact. It brought home to them that there is not a building in Los Angeles that is in any way suitable for the home of an automobile and truck show.

There are seventy-five exhibitors of passenger cars, forty-five exhibitors of motor trucks and tractors while ninety dealers

exhibited accessories.

Although "dolled up" cars were very much in evidence, not a few of the jobs were done in Los Angeles shops. It was very evident after making a comparison of the last Los Angeles show and the one that has just attracted so many thousands in San Francisco, that the metropolis of the Southland holds the title for the home of motor styles.

There was nothing lacking in the San Francisco exhibition. Every little detail seemed to have been completed and the motor industry was thoroughly represented. Every imaginable type of motor vehicle was on display. Enclosed cars, which have grown in favor in the past twelve months were prominently displayed. A total of 50,000 square feet were devoted to passenger cars and trucks occupied 21,000 square feet.

Among the list of exhibitors whose displays were classed as being in the "top-notch" class, were Don Lee, with the Cadillac; Al G. Faulkner, Marmon; Greer-Robbins, Hupmobile; California Motor Sales Company, Lexington and Olympian. Probably the most extensive display was that of Cadillacs. The display of enclosed and open Marmons, was notable.



A BIT OF THE WONDERFUL

Sequoia National Park not generally visited by the motorist. Buick Six is in the foreground

A SHOP WITH ATMOSPHERE

By VIOLETTE RAY

WHEN a shop elects to be the Down-town Home of Shoppers, a home with such an atmosphere as only a genuine habitation of the higher order can attain—it takes on the aspect of Harry Fink's new place.

A business place with atmosphere is difficult to attain, and yet this shop has mastered it. Elegant, but not oppressively so; decoratively rich, yet not overwhelmingly ornate; chastely tasteful, yet far from chilling; the welcome extended at the door permeates the premises.

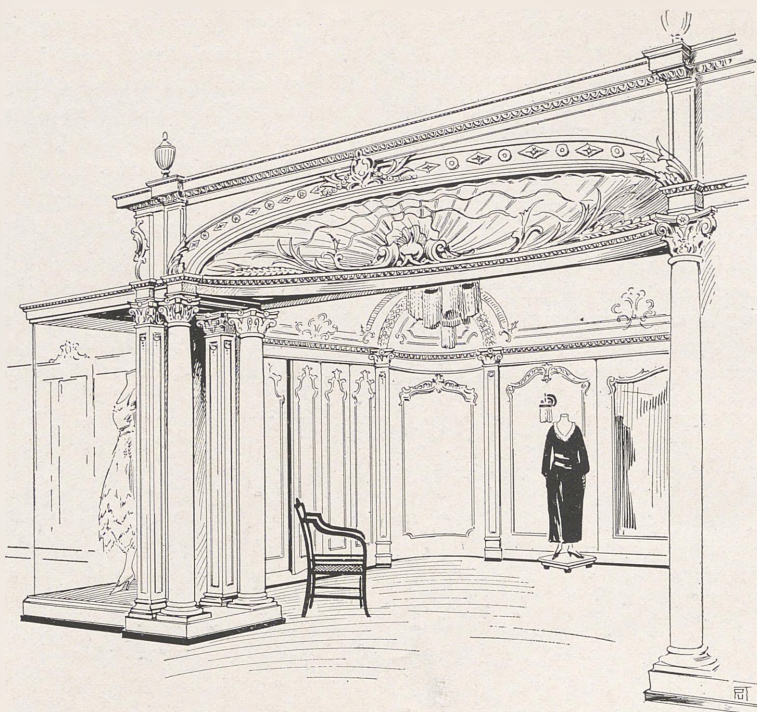
Architecturally, and in decoration, the store is a triumph. The facade is faced with Italian black marble, veined in gold—a material new extremely rare.

The arcades are octagonal in shape, affording broad expanses of French plate glass. The flooring of the arcades is in marble of silvery grey, which tint is matched by the velvet carpet facing the expansive windows. The same luxurious floor covering is used throughout the house. Even the awnings of this interesting shop are artistic and out of the usual. The ceiling of the arcades is in handsomely grained American walnut, a wood used discreetly elsewhere in the store in conjunction with the antique ivory finish.

The lower floor, devoted to millinery, blouses, garments, etc., is particularly inviting, arranged as it is with console mirrors, fitted with every possible convenience for the housing and the display of stock, and furnished with divans, easy chairs and davenports which lend the air of a livable home. Noticeably fine are two French tapestries framed in the wall spaces beside the entrance.

The corner staircase and the mezzanine, the latter in the shape of an open oval, are most attractive, and worthy of comment is the pillared entrance to the French evening room on the second floor, happily embodying as it does, the Renaissance and the Greek embellishments. Lighting fixtures, in this salon, were imported by Mr. Fink. Strikingly handsome in design, these chandeliers are furnished with a system of lighting which serves to correctly manifest evening colors.

One of the most salient points in the arrangement of the new shop is the practical placing of lights, both artificial and natural. For example,



Classical and in excellent taste is the pillared entrance to a French evening room on the second floor

in those rooms upon the floors where street garments are handled, full, strong daylight—such as the garments will be subjected to when worn—plays upon them when trying on is in progress. Other rooms, adjacent to the stock of afternoon dresses, are supplied with that chastened light which is certain to be in effect in the softly radianced home.

Then, as has been before remarked, the facilities for testing evening tints, are unsurpassed.

A case, observable as one enters the lower floor, is a circular one of French plate glass, lighted by means of a chandelier decorated in Dresden colors, through which the radiance filters charmingly.

The window lights are unusual, being extended the length of and behind the cornices, where walls and ceilings join, and thence reflected to the ceilings and diffused with a fine daylight effect.

Fitting rooms are located conveniently upon each of the four floors, and the manner in which daylight is admitted, while the sounds of the street are excluded from these inclosures, is well thought out. Means of ingress and egress from alteration rooms is another triumph in practical arrangement.

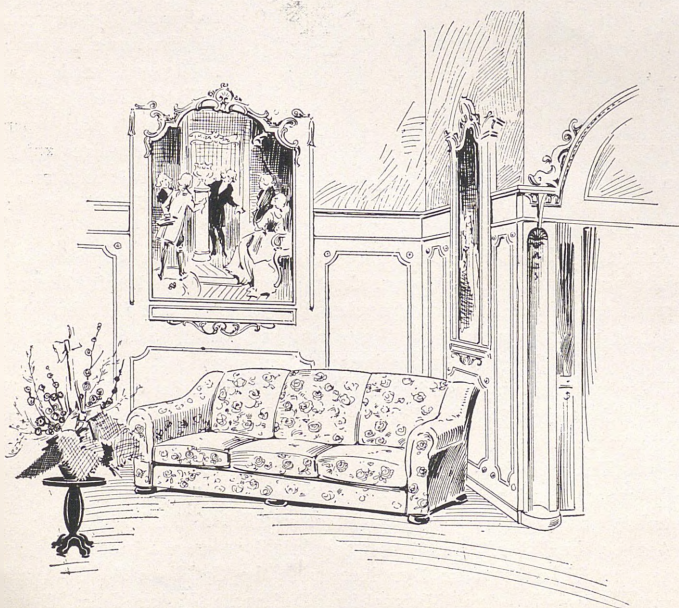
The decorative coloring throughout the store is restful and satisfying. The antique ivory, which comprises the general finish, is of that full, rich tone which seems so truly like ivory turned mellow by time. At intervals, along the cornices and plinths, appear medallions, similar to white cameos, which serve to enliven the decorative scheme. The Greek column, in its several manifestations, has been employed in a number of places, lending an effect both classical and refined.

Commodious quarters and conveniences for employees have not been overlooked, the full daylight flooding the work-rooms being conducive to the perfecting of details.

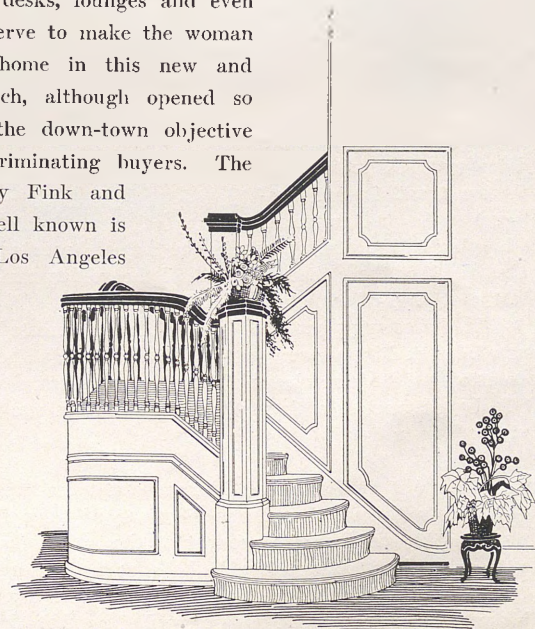
The furniture, throughout the house is framed in American walnut and upholstered in marine blue and taupe striped velours, a color plan which tones happily with that of the carpets and the fittings.

The many cosy nooks and corners, where one comes unexpectedly upon dainty writing desks, lounges and even plants and flowers, serve to make the woman of culture feel at home in this new and fascinating shop which, although opened so recently, is already the down-town objective of a throng of discriminating buyers. The firm name is "Harry Fink and Company," but so well known is Mr. Fink, by the Los Angeles shopping public, that it comes quite natural to refer to the shop as "Harry Fink's."

The stock, which comprises women's high class ready-to-wear garments, is both exclusive and yet reasonably priced for all.



Luxurious furniture, imported wall tapestries and many home-like touches in cosy nooks



A graceful staircase, leads from the lower floor

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

NO LONGER does the debutante daughter sit idly in her boudoir in her rich negligee, ensconced in her favorite easy chair with the latest book of fiction in her lap and a box of bonbons near by the pass away the morning hours, before time to go to a fashionable luncheon. Not at all—such heedless headlong festivities and luxuries which crowded the days before the war are heard of no more, but instead she is out early, at some Red Cross shop or some other useful patriotic work, where she toils steadily and often late. It may be interesting to many to know something of the work among the younger girls of our country and nothing can be more useful or more needed than the work of the patriotic youth of our land. One of the most efficient and best of the societies now operating for the more vital interests of war relief is the Patriotic League, the Girls' War Service Club of the Y. W. C. A. The first unit of this League was formed one Friday morning not so many months ago and the membership has grown until there is now 27 units of this league in Los Angeles, which represent girls of leisure, school girls, stenographers, department store girls, factory girls, girls of both American and foreign birth. The connecting link that holds all these girls together is the pledge they take on joining the League: "I pledge to express my patriotism by doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do; by rendering whatever special service I can for my community and my country; by living up to the highest standards of character and honor, and helping others to do the same." The charter chapter in Los Angeles of the Patriotic League has become an organization in itself for the application and interpretation of the pledge and the furthering of any patriotic service offered by other organizations. Miss Doris Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Collins of Shatto place, is president of the charter chapter, which meets two days in each week. After attending to the regular business before the chapter the remainder of the time is devoted to the making of layettes. Each layette is composed of fourteen or more garments and these girls have under way about three hundred of these baby tips. It is the desire on the part of these girls to do something worth while in these times of stress that is making them work days and almost overtime to advance the work of this splendid organization. The chapter has a membership of fifty girls, and they are planning a tea dansant, Saturday, April 5, at Hotel Alexandria, and if these girls put half the enthusiasm into their plans for this social affair that they do into their work, then the dance will be one of the brilliant social events to follow Easter.

The Colonial Ball given Friday evening, February 22, at the Hotel del Coronado, was an immense success, many dinner parties preceding the ball, and supper parties in the Grill being arranged later. Mr. and Mrs. John Guy Owsley and their attractive daughter Miss Agnes Owsley, are among the prominent residents of Pasadena who are enjoying an indefinite sojourn at Hotel del Coronado.

Monday afternoon the West Hollywood Red Cross auxiliary entertained with a musicale and card party, Mrs. W. H. Hay of 8080 Sunset boule-

vard throwing open her beautiful home for the occasion. Aside from the delightful musical program given other attractive features of the afternoon's entertainment included a candy sale and a cooked food auction. Mr. Hay, husband of the hostess, acted as the auctioneer. Mrs. Hay was assisted by Mrs. Forbes Lindsey, Mrs. Samuel F. Garretson, Mrs. Willis C. Anderson, Mrs. Seward Cole, Mrs. William B. Lindsey, Mrs. Frederick Seibly, Mrs. H. H. Christie, Miss Mildred Bowan and Miss Margaret Seibly. Presiding over the punch tables were Miss Helen Wells, Miss Katherine Jackson, Miss Gwendolyn Witherspoon



Steckel

MRS. ROBERT GILLERN

Formerly Miss Mary Chapman, and daughter of the late Judge John S. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman of Los Angeles. Mrs. Gillern is one of the attractive war brides, her marriage to Lieutenant Gillern having taken place scarcely a fortnight ago

and Miss Margery Lindsey. Members of the auxiliary also assisted about the rooms.

Washington's birthday was celebrated with any number of dinner parties, both at the various clubs and less formally in many homes. Hotel Maryland in Pasadena gave a Red Cross evening, entertaining with a dinner and dance. At the Athletic club an informal dinner dance, patriotic in all its appointments, was a simple but distinctly successful affair. The Jonathan Club was especially gay with an unusual number of dinner parties. Guests at the Westlake Hotel entertained with a fancy dress affair, with Mr. and Mrs. Willard MacDonald impersonating George Washington and Lady Martha. Numerous other smart affairs were given in celebration of the birthday of the "Father of Our Country."

Mrs. James B. Dennison of South Harvard boulevard has as her house guest, Mrs. Hervey Rhodes of Kansas City. Mrs. Dennison is planning several pretty affairs in honor of her guest. While some are coming others are on the go. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt of South Mariposa avenue left last Saturday for San Francisco, where they plan to visit a few days. En route home Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt will stop at Stanford for a visit with their daughter, Miss Gertrude Orcutt, who is a student at the University.

Mrs. Carl Crandall of Hollywood has as her house guest her sister, Mrs. William Emerson Payne of New York City, whose husband, an army officer is in France. Mrs. Payne arrived several days ago.

Mrs. Otto Sweet of South Vermont avenue entertained a few days ago with the first of a series of luncheons which are being planned by this charming hostess to be given this winter. Sweet peas and greenery in an artistic arrangement formed the centerpiece for the table.

Mrs. Morris Albee and her sister, Miss Laura Smith, were joint hostesses a week ago entertaining with a dinner party at the home of the former in Juliet street. The affair was to especially compliment Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Doney and their daughter, Miss Barbara Doney of Waupun, Wisconsin, who are passing the winter in Los Angeles. Plum blossoms were prettily used in the table decorations and places were set for ten. Mr. and Mrs. Doney and their daughter motored to Coronado for the last week-end.

Of the more recent affairs given by the younger set, perhaps the most delightful was the dancing party given by Miss Elizabeth Everhardy at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew W. Everhardy in Alvarado Terrace. The entire lower floor of the home was converted into a beautiful ball room, carnations and Cecil Bruner roses being lavishly used in a pretty decorative scheme. Pink programs, pink monogrammed, carried out the color combination. Music was furnished by a Jazz orchestra. Miss Everhardy was assisted in receiving about eighty members of the junior set, by two of her close friends, Miss Elizabeth Spence and Miss Alice Durrant.

Miss Eleanor Workman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman of South Normandie avenue entertained Wednesday, February 20, with three tables of bridge, Miss Florence Stoney of San Francisco and Miss Frances Beveridge being the complimented guests. Miss Beveridge is one of the most popular members of the younger exclusive set in Los Angeles. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beveridge of Third avenue. Her engagement to Ensign Edgar Forbes Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson of San Francisco, was formally announced last October. No date has been set as yet for the wedding, but there has been no end to the number of hasty war weddings and one is never surprised these days to hear of hurried plans and the quiet announcement of another marriage. Miss Beveridge has but recently returned from visiting her aunt, Mrs. James W. Edwards of San Francisco.

The circus is coming to town. This is the glad news which is being heralded to the "Kiddies" of all ages. And what is more interesting yet, is that it's going to be a Red Cross circus, so that

(Continued on Page 28)

NEW MODES DESCRIBED



If the wisdom of the Mandarins was kept up their sleeves, American invention has added to that lore, judging by the clever cuffs appended to those pictured here. Moon-glow satin in marine blue, and moon-glow in silver white form the fabric of this naive restaurant dress. The hat is especially distingue, by reason of the novel bride, formed from wide blue velvet ribbon, appliqued with wild-flowers and wheat-heads. At Harry Fink's delightful shop, this bewitching dress and hat were found.

FASHION, ever whimsical, just now indulges the pretense of being economical.

Many are the surprises that she has prepared, in the use of oddly assorted fabrics, in bringing forth conceits produced by means of quaint revivals. Ever glad of a pretext for ensantizing skirts, she plays at Hooverizing, by means of the revived sheath and—which is quite unusual—she does not lavish elsewhere the material thus retrenched. Usually, when skirts grow less, sleeves take to ballooning; and there are those who warn that Bishops and leg o' muttons may be expected soon to loom upon the sartorial horizon.

The slender silhouette, svelte to attenuation, has us by the throat—or rather by the waist—just now, and there seems to be some rivalry as to which of the spring suits and frocks can manage to achieve itself within the least possible yardage. Let us hope that food Hooverizing may do its share toward compressing the feminine form divine within the boundaries of the forthcoming mode's requirements.

The newest fabrics are bent upon doing their full share toward enslendering the form; so soft, so pliable and clinging are the new silks and jerseys, fine serges, tricotines and their kin-in-loom.

Following the foreign and Eastern fad for restaurant dresses, striking, smart and augmented by an equally

chic hat; such costumes as the one pictured at the head of our pages, comes from the new and delightful shop of Harry Fink & Company. Moon-glow satin is the fabric; white for bodice and under-skirt and for the deep tunic a dark marine blue. The newest feature of this extremely winning frock is the sleeve, cut on Mandarin lines, with an added interest by reason of the oddly conceived cuff, with its squared corners, fastened unexpectedly by large, linked buttons of white pearl.



It's beige. It's French tricotine. It's an Eton. Need more be said in proof of the late-modishness of this suit, just arrived? If so, the non-tucked body of the Eton jacket, its odd way of buttoning, the tucks on the tunic panels, may be adduced in further evidence of smartness. Most convincing fact of all—it's at Harris & Frank's.

The new sketchy embroidery, done in silver thread, enhances the skirt and bodice and appears upon the deep cuffs of marine blue which ornament the white bodice sleeves. Simplicity, that naive simplicity attained only by means of supreme art, is the impression given by this charming dress. The hat is an imported Leghorn, with crown of folded and plaited satin ribbon in black. Black, also, is the main portion of the sash falling across the shoulder, and terminated by a band of Carlier blue. The same blue, in broad velvet ribbon, forms the bride which embodies a new departure in millinery. Fully four inches wide, this bride of velvet ribbon is appliqued in artificial flowers, such as grow together in the fields—corn-flowers, daisies, poppies, and the bearded wheat! Passing from ear to ear, underneath a dainty, dimpled chin, this floral embellished bride is charming.

Girls have not forgotten how to dance, even though so many of the

boys danzant are at the front, and the girl who comes into proud possession of the dance frock sketched at Bullock's will want to dance for joy. Turquoise taffeta, glorified by shining discs formed from insets of cloth-of-gold! This is the beginning. Rather it is the tunic and the girdle. The lower skirt is of sheerest organdy in white, with white organdy plissé ruffles, turned upward around its scanty width.



This dress of Poirer twill, in navy blue, is an Eddie Schmidt example of what high class tailoring can do toward the embodiment of the latest fads in dress.

Below each frill, a cording of turquoise taffeta, and set upon its edge, extending on the ruffles a row of tiny blossoms. The same plissé frill forms the

That a modish shoe is tonic to the time, adding dash and vivre, they bear witness. From pointed toe to they are the ultimate step in foot-w

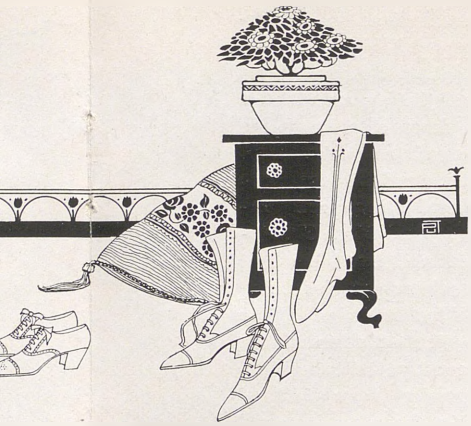
surplice and is set upon the sleeves of the organdy bodice and bag to match, are of Georgette crepe, overlaid petalled posies, also of the button-holed with silk. The upon a Cinderella stick en the turquoise tint, and sl heels enamelled in turquoise ded with brilliants, add points to the sentence pron this entrancing costume.

That it is of jersey is claims to notice. That it is quality, holds our attention has chic, goes without saying was sketched at Robinson's wise beholder would be sur Shell-gray is its color and tint, the silken thread of th ery upon tunic panels, cuff lar. That the rows and buttons are jersey-covered expected. That the long, c flaring ever so slightly, have undersleeves, is a novelty. passing flatly across the b and buttoned at either side



Anchored to such togs as these, y may sail the billowy seas in w assured of such correctness as to respect from even girlish adversar at Mullen & Bluet's.

SCRIED—By Violette Ray



lish shoe is tonic to the entire cos-
dash and vivre, these Innes shoes
From pointed toe to silk-faced top,
ultimate step in foot-wear.

and is set upon the wrist-long
the organdy bodice. The hat
to match, are of turquoise
crepe, overlaid with big
roses, also of the Georgette,
ed with silk. The bag is worn
Cinderella stick enamelled in
oise tint, and slippers with
enamel in turquoise and stud-
brilliant, add exclamation
the sentence pronounced upon
ancing costume.

is of jersey is one of its
notice. That it is of superior
olds our attention. That it
goes without saying. That it
ned at Robinson's, the dress-
der would be sure to guess.
is its color and the same
ilken thread of the embroid-
tunic panels, cuffs and col-
the rows and rows of ball
are jersey-covered is un-
That the long, close sleeves,
or so slightly, have wrist-tight
es, is a novelty. The belt,
atly across the bodice front
ned at either side, is novel



to such togs as these, young mariners
e billowy seas in war-like games,
uch correctness as to inspire awe
even girlish adversaries. Launched
Bluett's.

also. The hat, a veritable confection,
is of plumbago blue Georgette crepe,
the front brim builded upon bonnet
lines and the back turned abruptly up
and paved solidly with blue and shell-
gray flowers. Hat and brim are co-
related by means of a folded ribbon
band in gray and blue, breaking into
a careless bow directly at the front.



That Colburn's and handsome furs are syn-
onyms, this stole-scarf of blue chinchilla does
its share to evince. The soft, silvery pelt is
just the tint to harmonize with the shades in
garmenting for Spring. The lining of orchid
flowered silk, veiled with shirred Georgette in
misty gray, adds a superlative to luxury.

Furs engage our interest, both for
spring and summer wear, and among
the popular pelts none will be more
sought than will chinchilla. Gray is to

be much used in suits and dresses, and
there are few furs in gray. Chinchilla
grows less plentiful each year owing
to the fact that the hunters have driven
the game into the remote fastnesses of
the Andes, where it is most difficult to
overtake. Therefore chinchilla is one
of the most desired furs. The blue
chinchilla, highest quality of all, forms
the basis of the stole-scarf sketched at
Colburn's. The pelts are placed with
supreme artistry and the collar is lined
with tailless ermine. The lining of the
scarf is of orchid flowered silk, veiled
in mist gray Georgette crepe, shirred
at intervals, the Georgette appearing in
long scarf fastenings, tipped with balls
of chinchilla fur.

Just arrived, at Harris & Frank's,
is the Eton suit sketched by our artist.



"Modish" is more frequently spelled "j-e-r-
s-e-y" than elsewhere and will continue so to be,
unless we desecry falsely. Shell-gray is the tint
and shell-gray silk embroidered, the frock of our
artist's sketch. The hat is a winning bonnet
shape of Georgette in plumbago blue. The brim,
upturned abruptly at the back, is paved with
half-blown flowers in shell-gray and blue. Awaiting
a girlish, beckoning finger at Robinson's.

Of beige tricotine, in a fine French
weave, the jacket is broadly tucked at
back and front, as are the side panels
of the skirt. The double button fasten-
ing of the jacket is novel, and novel
the row of buttons marching across
the back, where they vainly reach after
corresponding button-holes. The vestee
of black and white in narrow stripes, of
silk and wool, sends out a collar to
over-lap the collar of the Eton jacket
at the back.

She who entertains a notion that
tailoring is not supple, that the tailor
cannot closely follow the intricacies of



"Let's see what can be done with gold-diced
turquoise taffeta, crisp plisse ruffled organdy and
tiny rosebuds!" cried the fairies; and produced
this entrancing dance dress. With what magic
they had left, they devised the hat, bag and
Cinderella stick, and for good measure made the
turquoise enamelled slipper heels, to speed the
watch-your-step. Thaumaturged at Bullock's.

the mode, will find incontrovertible con-
tradiction in the many vogueish fea-
tures of the dress by Eddie Schmidt.
The surplice, with its scalloped finish,
bound in silk soutache, the novel bell
sleeve, under-set with a wrist-tight
sleeve of satin, the slightly hustled
drapery at the hip—all are Fashion's
latest syllable. The finely woven
poiret twill, exemplifies the highest in
the navy blue all-wear frock.

The advance of Spring is no better
heralded than by the washable suits
for small boys, which vernally appear.
Those sketched at Mullen & Bluett's,
are of linen and come in several pretty
tints, as well as in all white. The very
armyish cut of coat and breeches, the
pockets found in the proper place, and
utmost of ecstasy! the mariner's whistle
on its leash, within ready grasp, are
among the many endearments set forth
by these little mannish suits.

Shoes are "a house divided against
itself," high heels vs. low. The call of
country clubs has sounded and its re-
sponse comes in the shape of the low-
heel'd, thick soled shoe of moderate
height, which is developed in buck,
bright finished leathers and in canvas.
There is a wide choice of colors. One
may elect to have one's sport shoes all
white—and such selection is by far
most economical, since white shoes go
well with everything. Those inclined
to allow themselves more shoe latitude
however, will find the range of tints in
trimmings, to the shoe for country
wear, almost as varied as in clothes
for country wear. Keeping pace with
the growing slimmness of the feminine
silhouette, dressy shoes are builded
upon long, slender lines, and toes be-
come more pointed day by day—al-
most hour by hour.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

IT IS a distinction of exceptional note which has come to two of Los Angeles' prominent society women, as recognition of their great patriotic service in behalf of the French Red Cross society. Word has just been received here through L. N. Brunswig, head of the local French Red Cross, of the awarding of medals to Mrs. W. A. Edwards, former president of the women's auxiliary of the French Red Cross in this city, and Mrs. John P. Jones, both prominent leaders in exclusive social circles of Los Angeles. Both women have been tireless workers in the Red Cross since the very beginning of the war, even before the United States was drawn into the great conflict, and since the entry of their own country they have transferred their activities to the American Red Cross, into which great humanitarian work they have poured their energy and time without cessation. "Medaille de la Reconnaissance Nationale Française Vermeil" (gold and silver medal of gratitude of the French nation) has been awarded Mrs. Edwards. To Mrs. Jones, who has presided over many society affairs for the benefit of the fatherless children of France, and tireless in French war relief work, a bronze medal has been awarded. According to Mr. Brunswig it is a splendid appreciation of the devoted efforts of our American women who have worked so wholeheartedly for the war charities, since very few medals of the class bestowed upon these two prominent workers are issued by the French government.

Of much interest to a wide circle of friends was the marriage of Miss Mary Chapman, daughter of the late Judge John S. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman of North Andrews boulevard, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Robert Gillern, of New Haven, Connecticut. The marriage was solemnized at San Diego, Wednesday morning, February 20, with only the immediate relatives witnessing the ceremony. The bride, who is one of the accomplished young women of Los Angeles, was educated abroad, passing seven or eight years cultivating a beautiful contralto voice. She only returned a year or so ago from Europe. She is also a graduate of Marlborough school in this city. Lieutenant Gillern is with the Twenty-first Infantry, now stationed at Camp Kearny. He is a graduate of Yale and before enlisting was a successful mining engineer. The bride was accompanied to San Diego by her mother, Mrs. Chapman and her sister Mrs. Archibald McCutcheon. Another sister of the bride is Mrs. Anna McMillan, whose husband is Paymaster Erving McMillan, U. S. N., retired. Lieutenant and Mrs. Gillern will make their home near Camp Kearny until the young lieutenant is ordered away.

Miss Reavis Hughes of Carmel-by-the-Sea, who formerly resided here is passing several weeks in Los Angeles, renewing former acquaintances and visiting old friends. Just now she is the house guest of Miss Florence Johnston at her home in Kingsley Drive. Miss Hughes is a sister of Mrs. John Shirley Ward, whose marriage took place most unexpectedly last Thanksgiving Day at Car-

mcl. Mrs. Ward was formerly Miss Mary Hughes.

Charming Miss Maurine Barnes of St. Louis, house guest of Miss Marie Olivia McCoy of South Harvard boulevard is being complimented with a series of pretty, though informal affairs. Miss Byrd Wallis, one of the indefatigable Red Cross workers, entertained with a tea at the Red Cross tea room at Eighth and Alvarado streets, last Friday, having six or seven other girl friends in to meet the guest of honor. Miss Mary Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Scott of West Twenty-eighth street, invited a few friends in for Saturday afternoon tea, and knitting and chatting whiled the afternoon hours away. Monday after-

erine Thompson of Evansville, Indiana, who is visiting Miss Gertrude Gooding of Westmoreland avenue, for the winter. Jonquils, violets and ferns attractively arranged centered the big round table where tea was served and a dozen or more guests were invited for the matinee and tea party. Mrs. Lincoln and her mother, Mrs. Fred Staines, have been the inspiration for several other pretty affairs. Mrs. George Stegmaier and Mrs. Christopher Stegmaier of Pennsylvania, two charming visitors in Los Angeles this winter are also being much feted. Mrs. L. Lichtenberger of West Twenty-fourth street, was hostess at a beautifully appointed luncheon just recently, honoring the

Mmes. Stegmaier from Wilkesbarre. Spring flowers were used in adorning the luncheon table. Mrs. Secondo Guasti of West Adams street complimented these two eastern visitors with a luncheon a few days ago. Another delightful affair at which the Madames Stegmaier were the honored guests was given by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, when they entertained with a handsomely arranged dinner party at their home in South Figueroa street.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of Crenshaw boulevard entertained last Saturday with an especially smart bridge luncheon, complimenting Mrs. Herbert J. Porter of Jackson, Michigan, who is the house guest of Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of South Figueroa street, Los Angeles. Bright flowers of a golden hue were effectively used in adorning the luncheon table and the rooms. Twenty-four guests were invited for the occasion. Mrs. Hinchcliffe has been entertaining as her house guest until recently, her cousin, Mrs. A. F. Baldwin of San Francisco. Mrs. Baldwin, a most charming woman, is chairman of the Liberty Loan drive in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, and came on to Los Angeles, following the District Woman's Club convention, which convened a fortnight ago at Santa Barbara, to speak in the interests of the Liberty Loan at Hollywood. Mrs. Baldwin has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of South Figueroa street has as her house guests, her cousin and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Porter of Jackson, Michigan. Such a lot of prettily informal affairs are being given in honor of Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Churchill entertained with a

small but charming dinner party, last Thursday evening, eight guests being entertained. Mrs. Garret L. Hogan of West Adams street complimented Mrs. Porter with a delightful luncheon at Midwick a few days ago and Mrs. Hinchcliffe gave a bridge luncheon last Saturday. A little later, when her daughters, Mrs. David H. McCartney and Mrs. Pierpont Davis return from Chandler, Arizona, where they are enjoying a brief rest, guests at Hotel San Marcus, Mrs. Churchill plans to give a larger affair for her guests.

It was a real society affair that Mrs. C. Q. Stanton was hostess for at her home in Andrews boulevard a week or so ago, when she entertained with a morning musicale. Miss Bessie Chapin, talented musician, gave a pleasing program of violin selections.



G. Edwin Williams

MISS LUCILE BALLARD

Daughter of Mrs. Ballard Giles of Los Angeles, and one of the popular members of the younger set, who in place of the usual round of debutante teas, is devoting her time to a course in nursing in order to make herself efficient for this phase of war relief work

noon, February 25, Mrs. Robert Miller of South Normandie avenue honored Miss Barnes and her hostess, Miss McCoy, with another delightfully informal afternoon tea, a dozen or so others being invited to meet the special guests. Miss Barnes will accompany her uncle and aunt, Former Governor Lon B. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens to Coronado within a few days, where they plan to pass a month. Before returning to Los Angeles for another brief visit, they will pass a week or two at the Mission Inn at Riverside.

Mrs. La Motte Holmes and her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Tomkins entertained with a matinee party at the Orpheum a few days ago, followed by a tea at Hotel Alexandria. The affair was to especially compliment their house guest, Mrs. Edmond Lincoln of Great Falls, Montana, and Miss Kath-

A GLIMPSE OF MEMORY LAND

By ANGELUS AYERES

HOW swiftly our light mortal barks glide down the rapidly flowing stream of modern progress, particularly here in Los Angeles where progress is the all absorbing theme in every walk of life. How our little boats rock upon the sparkling waters—how they dance as if in glee while we float onward past familiar objects, out to meet the great ocean of broader thinking and bigger achievements! We are, and we should be, glad to move forward.

Nevertheless, thought at times inevitably turns back to formerly frequented places—to restful nooks along the stream where over-hanging branches droop and golden trout sparkle in the sunlight—where leisurely Romance sweetens the calm air with her soft whisperings—the places peopled with well loved forms of the long ago.

Plunged into reminiscences by the notes of Il Trovatore, as played on a street organ, each member of a motley Piccadilly crowd went dreaming away into the past and gave Alfred Noyes the inspiration to write:

"They're all of them returning to the heavens they have known:

They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone

In the land where the dead dreams go."

So occasionally each one must needs leave his painted, modern progress boat—though well worth while and fully appreciated—and steal back up stream in the light canoe of memory which happily is not hindered by the swift currents necessary to the other boat's navigation in an opposite direction.

By an object, even more inconsequential, perhaps, than a hand-organ, my memory boat was started back up stream the other day as I strolled into the Red Cross Shop out at Alvarado and Eighth Streets. The object was a doll. It had been contributed, I was told, by Miss Eleanor MacGowan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, and with its tiny hands it rowed my memory boat back something like seventeen years to the time of a wonderful "Dolls' Department Store," conducted at the Woman's Club House in South Figueroa Street as a benefit for some local charity, Miss Eleanor's mother was among those in charge, while scores of others whose young daughters are now assisting at the Red Cross, served as "department store clerks" on that brilliant occasion of long ago. Among those who had dressed particularly attractive dolls, I recall, was the late Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of the famous Pathfinder of the west.

It is interesting to note how many members from this same coterie of women, aided by their daughters, and perhaps their daughters' daughters, continue as the center of much activity along social, philanthropic and patriotic lines, new-comers looking to them generally as leaders, and learning to respect the splendid foundations of culture and mutual helpfulness which they have laid.

Among other busy workers at the Red Cross I noted Mrs. James W. Montgomery. "Monty" they used to call James when he was a popular young bachelor in the days of yore, and the familiar title has never been dropped by intimate friends.

Mrs. "Monty" was Daisy Rose, daughter of the late L. J. Rose, and it is very much longer than seventeen years ago that the family occupied what was then one of the most pretentious homes in Los Angeles, situated at the corner of Fourth Street and Grand Avenue. It is among the few old home buildings that still remain in the down town district, although the Rose family, once gathered beneath its roof, has long since scattered.

The house was erected soon after L. J. Rose, and his family crossed the plains with a party distinguished by many successful fights with the Indians.

It was, however, in a cosy apartment in the Westlake district, long after the passing of the well known townsman, that his wife's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, who had come to California in an ox-drawn wagon with the rest, celebrated her one-hundredth birthday.

That event was something like twenty years ago, but I recall as if it were but yesterday, the keen intellect and the bright, intelligent eyes that refused to be dimmed by age, as Mrs. Jones told me she hoped to live another hundred years. Her energy, her interest in current activities and her popularity seem indeed to be living on in the granddaughter who remembers now her country's present need and finds time to assist in meeting it.

Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom is another whose appearance at the Red Cross Shop helped to steer my memory boat back up stream. It is as long ago as 1861 that the famous Major Hancock came here, sent by the Government, and traveling in a sailing vessel around the Horn. At one time his family occupied jointly with the Thoms, a large double house in South Main Street near Third.

In this connection memory recalls that Major Hancock married the only daughter of Count Haraszthy, the second Hungarian who ever made a residence for himself in America. The Count was Horticultural Commissioner under Governor Downey and he and Major Hancock served side by side in the first state legislature of California. County Haraszthy distinguished himself in military service and when he was made a colonel, proudly preferred that title to the other.

George Allen Hancock—millionaire, yachtsman and musician, well known in society of Los Angeles today, is the son of Major Hancock, and his mother, who some years after the Major's death, became the wife of Judge Erskine Mayo Ross, was known as a social leader and as a philanthropist of great generosity. Her passing was sincerely mourned by hundreds whose lives she had made brighter. George Allen Hancock, it may be remembered, married Miss Genevieve Mullen, daughter of the late Andrew Mullen.

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Married "rounders" have a new way to appease their waiting mates' wrath—two lumps of sugar swiped at a dairy lunch on the way home is the bribe.

If the sun doesn't come out soon we will all have to wear green goggles when it does show.

These table d'hote dinners at foreign cafés, at forty-five cents per, consist in anticipation and much garlic on the waiter's breath—table d'hote means a mushy tomato, a weary radish and a wizen minnow trying to hide in slippery spaghetti. They bring you a big bowl of soup and plate heaped with bread, ask you if there is too much light coming in the window and when you turn to look run off with the soup and bread.

At the costly Rockefeller-Lincoln wedding the other day a maid saved the display of expensive wedding gifts from a burglar's bag. Miss Florence Lincoln married Ensign William A. Rockefeller of the Naval Flying Corps, nephew of John D. Rockefeller. Shadows from an oil lamp warned the maid of the prowlers.

Pigs are stepping into the aristocratic class, for there is a movement to have a pig in every home. Imagine an apartment house with seventy-five tenants and all of the patriotic tenants wanting to take their pigs out for an airing at the same time. Maybe the live-stock idea will not stop at pigs—there is a great shortage of beef too. No wonder apartment house superintendents are quitting.

In a season of grand opera rife with novelties and revivals the revival of "Le Prophete" at the Metropolitan a short while ago was remarkable and excellent in all ways. Caruso waved aside his forty-five years and was a glowing, wonderful John and Mme. Matzenauer's lovely voice fulfilled all that was demanded of it. The scenery by Josef Urban was poetry itself.

The "voice of the city" demands 2,000,000 calls daily over 800,000 telephones and figured out represents 25 calls every second of the day.

No peace for the men who are here, at home. Even when they go to Palm Beach for over-Sunday they are greeted with Red Cross Saturdays.

Do you know why New Yorkers are considered "wild, wild wicked folks?" Because of their visiting out of town friends who come to New York expecting to be shown the "wanton, wasteful, bad, glad New York."

Easter is not here yet and out-of-town buyers are here looking over what women are to wear next autumn and winter.

Palm Beach is crowded with winter visitors yet—many are unable to obtain reservations on long waiting lists.

There is one place where the public will not dare be asked to cut down—tips to New York waiters and bell-hops.

The New York Library has issued a leaflet that reflects references by Aristotle, Herodotus and Pliny on submarines.

Velvet bags, or "Miladi's sac," are the last Paris word. Buckles of rhinestones set in white metal and appearing on one side of the bag only.

Ladies' hats lower their crowns and highly glazed wings and birdies are placed flat against the hat.

Some fast afternoon gowns have lace dyed to match the dress.

Narrow, very, skirts and jackets of contrasting material are the latest whisper in tailormades.

Women in New York are demanding "Made in U. S. A." labels on what they buy—a mighty good prejudice to cultivate. Really, much of former so-called importations were made in this country and had forged labels.

Wait a minute—there goes—a wagon-load of—beef! I'm gonter follow it, and see where its delivered.

Followed the wagon to one of the piers—was for a warship.

Snug, short-back hat models are being shown extensively for the ladies.

Women here are beginning to retard the conservation of wardrobe idea—they claim that a woman's wardrobe is part of herself. They believe in curtailing wastefulness but not in going to the dowdy and undertaker atmosphere. One wealthy woman maintained that her curtailments in dress would be just one of the ways in which money will be cut off from France.

WOMENS' CLUBS

FROM the heart of seething Europe, Hugh Gibson, the brilliant young Los Angeles diplomat, brought to the Friday Morning Club at its last meeting, the story of Germany's invasion of Belgium. Mr. Gibson, who made a hurried visit here to see his mother before departing on an important diplomatic mission for the government, was in Belgium at the time of the German invasion, and while newspapers and magazines have told much of his story, there were many interesting details which the club members were privileged to hear. Tall, slender and extremely modest in his demeanor, Mr. Gibson indulged in no pyrotechnical speech. Quietly and forcefully, however, he painted a vivid word picture of the cruel, barbarous German yoke under which the Belgian people are temporarily held. "German Rule in Belgium," was the subject of his talk, and Mr. Gibson began by telling of the invasion of the Huns, how they surged into peaceful Belgium, singing, with bands playing and with their cannon wreathed in flowers. Over night, a hundred restrictions were placed upon the seven million Belgians by the iron hand of Germany. And for the slightest violation of any of these orders, punishment followed in varying severity from fines to imprisonment and death. Up to the time that Mr. Gibson left there, he stated that more than 85,000 Belgians had been subjected to punishment in one or two of these forms. As illustrating the German stolid mindedness Mr. Gibson related an incident of a seven-year-old lad who, amused at the soldiers "goose-stepping," marched along behind the men, imitating them. The lad was suddenly pounced upon by two of the officers and thrust into jail. The mother of the boy, an American woman, married to a Belgian, appealed to the American legation to rescue her son. When the legation representative reached the jail, he found twelve German officers in stern

(Continued on Page 28)

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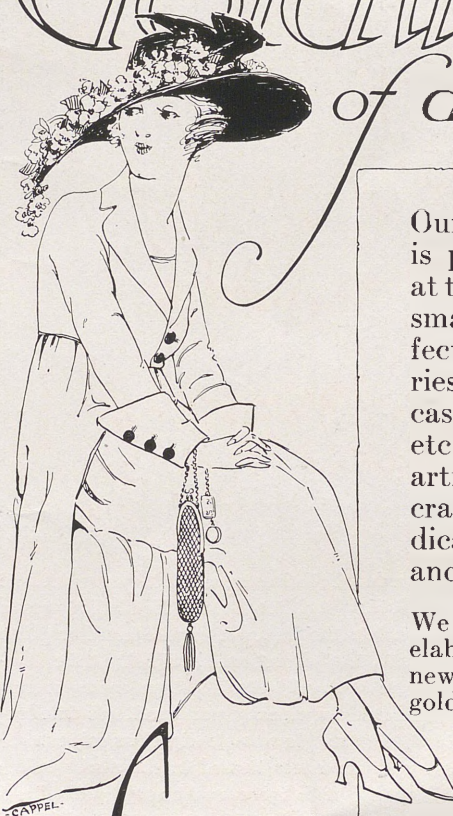
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE bill at The Orpheum for the week beginning February 25th, had for its star attraction the four Marx brothers with an excellent stage setting, and a wealth of talent in the company. Arthur Marx as the nondescript, and Leonard Marx as the pianist and Italian impersonator were very clever indeed, and Julius Marx as Henry Jones was a good low comedian. The act moved with snap and go, and was vigorously applauded. Bernie and Baker as syncopated funsters proved themselves entertaining musicians, and their act was encored again and again. Selma Braatz proved herself a remarkably expert juggler, and did her difficult tricks with grace and precision. Toots Paka and her Hawaiian troupe gave a hula-hula programme, enlivened by some reminiscent dancing. A number of last week's acts were retained. Next week Emma Carus, Ruth Royce, "Love thy Neighbor," Bernard and Janis, instrumentalists, Gypsies of the Valanova Troupe, Apdale and his performing ant-eater, and Stan Stanley the bounding bouncer will all appear.

RETROSPECTIVE REMINISCENCES

IN the days when Booth and Barrett trod the boards in histrionic rivalry, or in joint production of Shakespearean tragedy; in the days when Salvini fulminated as Othello, and John McCullough thundered as Richard The Third; in the days when Mary Anderson and Ada Rehan graced the stage peerlessly in Shakespearian roles, there were two distinguished dramatic critics in the city of Chicago, whose work was especially notable. They were Elwyn A. Barron and Edward J. McPhelim. Barron was on the Inter-Ocean, and McPhelim worked on the Chicago Tribune. These papers occupied buildings on Madison and Dearborn Streets, diagonally across from one another. There was a friendly race going on all the time between these men as to honors in dramatic criticism, and it was a pretty even thing as to the dividing of the laurel wreaths.

Barron was perhaps the most flowery of the two men in his writing. He was a Poet, and his blank verse tragedy of "The Viking" had been honored by an introduction from the pen of Lawrence Barrett, who had also added the play to his repertoire. Barron was of a sanguine, colorful nature, a writer of a very high order, both in verse and in prose, and he was thoroughly steeped in stage history and tradition. McPhelim was a poet also, but whose rare excursions into the realm of rhyme had not given him as wide a reputation as Barron in that direction. McPhelim, like Barron, was perfectly familiar with the ins and outs of stage management, technique, and surroundings. Both men were really profound and intellectual students of Shakespeare. McPhelim's style was clearly classical, cameo-like in its extreme vividness, and with sentences turned in chiselled perfection. Barron, on the other hand, wrote with more exuberance, yet with a polished handling, always, of his theme. The contrast between the criticisms of the two men on Shakespearian drama was a delight to all readers, from the difference accorded by their styles, and the excellence of both. Their contrasting views were clearly set forth in their criticisms, both as to the actors and actresses in the plays, and the texture and significance of the plays themselves. Readers of The Tribune and the Inter-Ocean took up the cudgels for their respective favorites, and it is safe to say that the Shakespearean dramas were read, studied, and discussed in those years as never before nor since in the "windy city."

Both of these men were eminent in their calling as critics, and the companionship between them was never marred in the least by their generous rivalry. McPhelim is long since dead. Barron, at last accounts, was in the East. For "The Sweet Singer of Avon," those indeed were halcyon days in

the United States. Robert Mantell still lingers, like the wraith of Hamlet, to utter the lines of the man who "was not of an Age, but for all time," yet for the vastly greater part, the stage has lost the spirit, as well as the actors and actresses of those stirring times. Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Salvini, Fechter, Ada Rehan, Mary Anderson, Ben De Bar, John W. Norton, Adelaide Neilson, Modjeska, Keene, Virginia Dreher, J. H. Hackett, Creston Clarke, Henrietta Crossman, James Lewis, Anne Gilbert, John Drew, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Sonnenthal, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Terriss, Louis James, Margaret Mather, Joseph Jefferson (as the grave-digger in Hamlet), Frederick Warde, Edwin Forrest, Wilson Barrett, and Charlotte Cushman, are names that occur in harking back to the dreams and memories of stage-land in years gone by. For the Shakespearean traditions, and the most of these men and women, only an echo remains.

"Nay! never ask this week, fair lord

Whence they are gone, nor yet this year!

Except with this for an over-word

But where are the snows of yester-year."



EMMA CARUS

IN 1897, there came to Los Angeles one Charles E. Bray, to open and manage the then just starting Orpheum, in the old Childs theatre at First and Main—at that time the city's one "op'ry house."

Last week, again came Charles E. Bray—now colonel, if you please—to Los Angeles, again to take the reins of the Orpheum during the convalescence of Clarence Drown.

But I imagine Col. Bray finds a vast difference between the then Orpheum with its three intermissions and connecting booze camp, its honkytonk shows, and its two matinees a week, and the palatial structure of today, with its two performances every 24 hours, its magnificent orchestra, and its line of attractions that cover every form of entertainment. Also, he finds Los Angeles somewhat different, as well. But the colonel himself still wears his broad smile, his waistcoat is no less rotund, and his geniality is as proverbial as ever. I'd advise you to get acquainted, and you'll find the colonel as delightful personally as he looks to be. Pity he stays so briefly.

THERE is little doubt that "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," at the Kinema, featuring that particularly scintillating star of the film firmament, Mary Pickford, is the most humorous photodrama she has ever played in. However, the predominant note of its theme tends rather to explain the eternal fitness of things, the world old philosophy of each to his kind. "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" is not at all Keystoneian in its humor, deals not at all in cheap incongruities, is not an evoker of the "horse-laugh," but transcends all these phases of comedy. In fact, it is only through the undercurrent of pathos throughout, through the necessarily limited lives of Amarilly and those in her element, that a comic relief is made possible. The picture provides an entirely new and novel environment for "our Mary," and runs the gamut of "atmosphere." The audience will be able to visualize the scheme of life both from the vantage point of opulence, and from the pathetic outlook of the less fortunate ones enmeshed in the sordidness of Telegraph Hill, Chinatown and the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Exhaustive comment is indeed superfluous in discussing the merits of "America's sweetheart" in the portraying of any role, but it is said that Mary Pickford really was never seen to better advantage than she will be when her celluloid double adorns the Kinema's screen next Sunday.

THE HEART OF YVETTE GUILBERT

By WILLIAM VAN WYCK

TO be a great artist is wonderful; to be a great artist and to keep simple, and kindly is miraculous. Yvette Guilbert is more than a great genius, she is a great woman. That she is modest and sweet is due to the fact that she is of the people. She has neither the overbearing manner of the aristocracy, nor the smugness of the middle classes. She is as direct as a child, and as charming. There is not a particle of conceit about her. I have

ly that she was of the world's greatest interpretive geniuses, the reason for it was not apparent. Now I am sure that the underlying principle of her art, is her ability to read and to portray character and to love humanity at one and the same time. She has been courageous enough to make of Pierrot—madcap, hedonistic, pagan Pierrot—a little Brother-in-Christ, concerned with the social welfare of the race and pitiful of and weeping for



YVETTE GUILBERT AS PIERROT

been fortunate enough to learn something of that great heart of her which is bursting with love and tenderness for humanity. Not only did I sense this during my interview with her, but after her last performance at Trinity Auditorium when she proved her love of mankind beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Her art has always baffled me. I never could be certain whether it was a trick of voice and gesture, or due to some more complex cause welling within her. Although one knew instinctive-

the other half. To take the most charming blackguard of art and to put the love of humanity into him is, to say the least, a rather daring breaking away from convention. And yet, the well-known make-up of Pierrot is singularly symbolic of suffering humanity. The black skull-cap suggests Golgotha, and the pallor of the face, the mien of suffering. Pierrot's proverbial dejectedness becomes soul-agony—no doubtful transmutation, and he immediately is ennobled by virtue of a

(Continued on page 25)

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W FRANCIS GATES

IN certain unmusical quarters, there is a sudden patriotic aversion to hearing music by the German classic composers—a classic is a man who is dead, you know. Los Angeles is the only city in the country outside of Pittsburg, so far as I know, which hears no Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, *et al*, on its local symphony programs. I examined about twenty-five programs offered in New York ten days ago. One of them was an all Beethoven symphonic program; another orchestra played some Beethoven; there were three choral concerts and nearly a score of solo recitals, nearly all of them offering works ranging from Bach to Strauss. The Minneapolis orchestra presented half-a-dozen German works here. The Boston orchestra makes up a program of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. But Los Angeles is more patriotic than those cities. Its symphony program for today is Russian and French, with a whiff of vocal spaghetti *a la* Puccini. So this ostracism of the German classics results in our having opportunity to hear more of the modern schools.

To get the real value out of a symphony, one must hear it half-a-dozen times, perhaps more. When I heard the Minneapolis orchestra play the Sibelius First symphony, at its close I said to myself, "There is a symphony I would like to hear right over again." And here comes the opportunity, for today the local orchestra plays it as its first number.

When it comes to a continuous diet of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven "too much is plenty." And there's a lot of Bach that is better mental gymnastics than interesting music. Our orchestra has taken the natural method of progression. Mr. Hamilton began with the Schubert "March Militaire" and a Beethoven Symphony. Then he played more Beethoven symphonies. Additions of occasional Mozart, Haydn and Schumann followed. Gradually he got down nearer our own times. Wagner and Tchaikowsky were the big guns of the symphony bills down to 1912. With an enlarged orchestra, and better players, as a whole, Mr. Tandler has been able to do things that were beyond the possibilities of the orchestra ten years ago.

THE Sibelius symphony has its roots in Asia. They seem to spread out into Hungary and Slavdom until they reach expression on the bleak shores of the Baltic and the Arctic. For the Finns are descendants of a tribe that came from Western Asia. Driven west and north, they became almost the serfs of Russia, and today are harried, driven and murdered by that wierd by-product of Russian barbarism, the Bolsheviks. Their national life has been one of depression and indignity. Yet they carry the spirit of song, only it is a mournful tune, a minor of their own.

Where there is national feeling, national suffering, national aspirations, there is national spirit in music. And so the music of Sibelius has a strong national characteristic, though based on the technique he acquired under old Carl Goldmark, in Vienna. It is founded on the thorough schooling of the Germans and nurtured on the brilliancy of the newer Russian school.

This symphony has a richness of musical material that can not be put into words. Only the musician can realize it, and he in proportion to his orchestral experience, in playing or listening. It is individual; who else would begin a symphony with a clarinet and tympani duet? The modern Russians, possibly due to their Oriental ancestry—one has to assign some reason—are gifted with greater powers of discovering new combinations of tone color than are the more "kultured" nations. They seem to invent more new things and use them without consulting the list of "don'ts" in the theory books. These Russians are to music what the Americans are to mechanics.

But here is a Finn who goes them one better. It seems as if he reached up into the cold, dark, leaden sky of Finland and snatched down the iridescent tints of the tropics and the South Sea Islands. And when our ears become thoroughly attuned to his tingling (not tinkling) harmonies, who will then be the "New Man"? The next step lands us in Lapland and

the igloo of the Esquimo. After that, the deluge.

HAVING spoiled thus much good white paper about Sibelius, I have a little room for Messrs. Debussy and Dukas. Here we have (in "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice") the flower of French modernism. Both paint pictures—and they are careful to tell us what we are to hear in these tone-pictures. Otherwise we wouldn't have the slightest idea which was the lamented Sebastian and which the amateur black art-ist. Such is the limitation of music. And such the fence the composer continually is trying to leap. The painter paints a "symphony"; the composer scores a "picture." Each one needs a map and a guide. But once provided with that "personally conducted" pamphlet, the program book, one has the magic word that sets the brooms a-dancing. Then one may count the arrows in the long defunct Saint and feel the water as it rises around the toes of the too-ambitious necromancer. As music, these works are piquant—*chili* without too much *carne*. But with the guide book, the music gives atmosphere and delicate zest to the fantastic tales of church and poet.



CONSTANCE BALFOUR

THE Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will have Constance Balfour as soloist for its fourth concert, this Friday afternoon, March 1. The announcement of Mrs. Balfour's engagement with the Symphony has occasioned a widespread interest in this concert, since she is not only recognized as one of the best vocalists in the West, a reputation that extends into the East, but she undoubtedly has sung before more clubs in Los Angeles and nearby cities than any other artist who has lived here for the same length of time. She has a lyric soprano voice, but of texture so rich that by many she is regarded as a dramatic soprano. Mrs. Balfour has sung extensively in England and also in South African cities, and just before the beginning of the war in Europe, she had been engaged to sing at Covent Garden in London for the following season. Unable to return abroad to fulfill this engagement, Mrs. Balfour has made her home in Los Angeles for the last three years. She has appeared with the Ellis Club as special soloist upon four different occasions and her appearance with the Brahms Quintet has also been of notable musical interest. Last season Mrs. Balfour was soloist with the Los Angeles

Symphony at its brilliant Santa Barbara concert, but this will be her first appearance locally with the Symphony. She has chosen for her offerings two operatic arias, "Vissi d'arte" from Puccini's "La Tosca," and "De puis le jour" from Gustave Charpentier's "Louise," both of which are from among the favorite selections of the soprano repertoire.

CONGRATULATIONS to Editor Metzger, of the San Francisco "Musical Review" on his choice of texts. His text is paragraphs from recent numbers of THE GRAPHIC concerning the Los Angeles symphony orchestra. Omitting the personal compliments, which hereby are acknowledged and thoroughly enjoyed, we may quote a pertinent remark concerning one phase of the orchestral situation:

"The San Francisco Musical Association was fortunate in securing the services of William Sproule as president, a man who knew how to approach the wealthy people for money. There must be such a man in Los Angeles. There surely is, and if he is found, the symphony situation in Los Angeles is solved." Furthermore, Mr. Metzger offers "to bring such a man into the sunlight."

The writer hit the nail that time. What Los Angeles wants, in the symphonic business is a Higginson, a Pulitzer, a Dow, a Carpenter, or a Flagler. When he arrives and puts up his million for the musical (and commercial) good of the city, then others will flock to his subscription paper as did the San Francisco merchants and bankers to the Sproule enlistment. The symphony management is looking for that man.

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THE HEART OF YVETTE GUILBERT

(Continued from Page 23)

worthy cause. The idea is magnificent,
and the world should take kindly to
this Pierrot who is the outcome of
The Great War. Madame Guilbert
told me that her Pierrot was presented
to the public in the hope of doing
away with world-hatred; in the interest
of world-love. God knows that we need
someone to start a mission of this kind;
for at present it looks as though civiliza-
tion were slowly descending into the
Abyss of Destruction.

Her last recital here was given over
to those songs of her youth, which
gained for Yvette Guilbert world-fame.
These little characterizations of Paris-
sian life, which we may have thought
trivial heretofore, were presented in
their true light. Behind these fascinat-
ing satires is the love of the people.
Madame Guilbert knows and loves the
underworld of her Paris. The tragedy
of the apache is as delicately revealed
as that tragedy of tragedies—the mod-
ern Pierrot. Gesture suggests subtly,
the horror of *la Guillotine*, the terror
of the supreme penalty being given as
surely with the hands, as is the passion
of *la Pierreuse* for *l'Apache* suggested
in their true light. The street life and café
life of Montmartre is presented to us
in all its forced gaiety and sordid mis-
ery. Then comes the student life of the
Quarter, in a series of songs pregnant
with fun and quiet irony. But behind
all of these interpretations beats the
great heart of Yvette Guilbert. One
reads between the lines as follows, *pity
them, these poor children of mine who
are born to misery and mischance.*
*They form a part of the vitals of a
great city. They may not conform to
your standards, but the most morally
twisted of them has the twist justified
if we probe deeply enough. Do not let
a superficial or heartless disapproval
damn them forever. If they be beams
to you, remember your own notes.*
*They are but poor children wandering
down a blind alley in search of happi-
ness. If the apache be cruel, remember
that he is an outcast, hunted and hated,
hating and hunting. If la Pierreuse
loves well and not too wisely, remem-
ber that she loves. If our careless and
carefree friend, the student, leads a
life that does not meet with our ap-
proval, remember that his room is full
of fleas, his purse slender, and his
stomach often empty. If his affairs are
a little irregular, remember the great,
glowing youth of him when:*

"Leste et joyeux, il montait six étages.
"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt
ans."

This is Madame Guilbert's message to
us and her exquisite interpretations
come from the sweet, glowing, tender,
woman-heart of her, beating with joy
and sorrow . . . sorrow for the mis-
eries of humanity . . . joy for her
artistic triumphs. Perhaps we have
neither fully appreciated or understood
this side of her nature before. I firmly
believe that the secret of her art
and the potency of her charm lie in this
beautiful human outlook upon life
which she has, and without which no
genius may become international or
universal.

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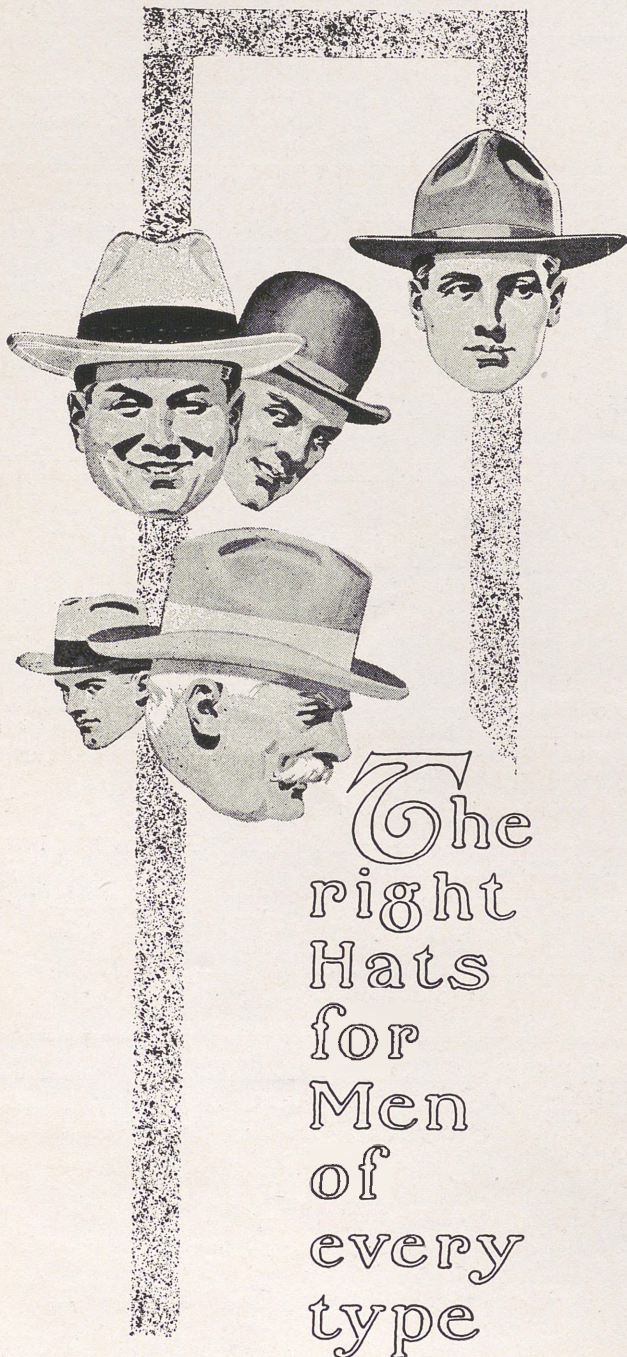
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THE ZULOAGA EXHIBITION AT SAN FRANCISCO

By J. Nilsen Laurvik

THE most important "One-man Exhibition" ever held on the Pacific Coast opened in the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco on Saturday, February 16th, when the great collection of paintings by Ignacio Zuloaga, the celebrated contemporary Spanish painter, was thrown open to the public.

The collection was organized and brought to America under the auspices of Mrs. Philip M. Lydig, and is being shown in San Francisco through the kind offices and guarantee of Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. It comprises forty-two canvases, several of which are so large that they have to be taken off the stretchers and rolled for transportation. Every phase of Zuloaga's artistic activity is represented here—with striking figure pieces, daring nudes, great groups, as well as portraits and landscapes, all colored with his peculiarly distinctive Spanish point of view, which he has expressed with such a strong personal accent.

In this collection are to be found some of his most important works such as: the alluring "Women on the Balcony" overlooking the bull ring; the remarkable portrait of "The Cardinal" with its fantastic landscape background that reminds one of the arid, volcanic landscape background in the Mona Lisa. This is rivaled only by the full length "Portrait of M. Maurice Barres" with the hill town of Segovia in the background; the great melancholy group entitled "The Brotherhood of Christ Crucified," wherein the spirit of Greco and Velasquez are united to give a modern expression to the mystic soul of Spain, whose deeply religious fanaticism is no less characteristic than her famous bull fights and Carmencitas. Of the latter there are many, each breathing a different allurements—one more tantalizing than the other. Here also are the debonair, alert heroes of the bull ring depicted as no one since Goya has been able to do it; nor has the face of Spain itself been more expressively depicted than in these landscapes of castle-covered hill tops such as: "Alquezar," "Sepuveda" and the morose, melancholy portrait of the little sequestered village of "La Virgen de la Pena."

In all these strange canvases, whether they be portraits or landscape, bull fighter or belle, whether cardinal or gypsy, whether peasant or poet, one is conscious of the Spain of yesterday.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE Society Circus to be given at Hotel del Coronado Saturday afternoon and evening March 2, promises to be the immense success of the entire season at the famous watering place. The affair is under the auspices of the Coronado Branch of the Red Cross and no effort has been spared to make it an immense success financially as well as socially. Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupree is regent of the Branch, and Mrs. Leslie Moon, chairman of the entertainment committee is assisted by Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Percival Thompson and Mrs. Henry J. Roberts, and every known stunt in the ken of circus lore and many stunts unknown to any lore will be features of intense interest.

Toto, the famous clown, will be there as will Katherine Clifford, the famous boy impersonator, and Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas will also assist in the booth of Mrs. L. C. Bertollette, and Mrs. C. Philip Snyder, selling fans, programs and toy balloons. There will be a refreshment booth under the direction of Mrs. Frank Godfrey, where popcorn, peanuts, pink lemonade and ice cream cones may be obtained for a small sum. There will be a Punch and Judy Show, Mrs. Jarley and her famous Wax Works will be on parade, and in the main ballroom, where an immense canvas tent will be set up, the big ring will be conducted under the supervision of Hon. Samuel Shortridge, who comes down from San Francisco especially for the event.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels, who is in charge of the properties, passed several days in Los Angeles procuring many "new" ideas, and while two prominent society matrons will do the slack wire stunt, the polo strong man has several original stunts which will be tried here for the first time.

Jack Holland and Miss Gustav will do specialties, and are arranging several unique dances which will be given in costume.

Among those who will take part are: "Barkers"—Gen. Charles McC. Reeve, Joseph Sefton, Carl Linquist, George Stephens and Frank Belcher. Venders—Miss Rhoda Fullam, Mrs. Miles, Miss Linda Jessop, Read G. Dilworth, W. B. Jackson, F. F. Taggart and Dwight Peterson.

The amateurs who will be in the personnel are Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Read C. Dilworth, Mrs. Austin Sands, Mrs. Frederick B. Hussey, Mrs. William G. Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond V. Morris, and their dog Buster.

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WOMAN'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY

By A. C. Hoff

Never before in the history of civil service have the opportunities for women been as good as they are now. The Government is beginning to realize that there are many departments in which women can do the work as well if not better than men. From all the information that I have been able to get and from all the reports that I have perused I believe civil service is in its infancy. As the Government finds it necessary to enlarge its field of endeavor in the many departments, including, I believe, Government ownership of Railroads, Telegraph and Telephone Systems, the United States Civil Service army will be increased by thousands and thousands who have received their positions as a result of a competitive test and have been given their appointments entirely on the merit basis. There has never been a time in the history of the Government when there has been the opportunity for women that there is now and there probably never will be another such a time. Opportunity does not wait for us, we must take it as it comes or it is lost. This is not only a woman's opportunity now but it is also her duty to step in and take the places that the men cannot fill.

Thousands and thousands of new appointments have been made and are still to be made in Washington, D. C., and in the twelfth civil service district as First Grade Clerks, Bookkeepers, Clerk-bookkeepers, Bookkeeper-Typist, Stenographic Clerk, Typist, Stenographer, Clerk-Typist, Custom House and Internal Revenue Officers and Clerks, Income Tax Collection Clerical work, War Tax Collection work, Ordnance Department, Quarter-Masters Department, and many other departments of the civil service. Fortunately for most women the First Grade Clerk positions do not require either Stenography, Typewriting or Bookkeeping, nor does it require any former business experience.

Federal civil service is real civil service. Merit counts and merit alone. The work is pleasant, hours the best, promotion as deserved according to initiative and executive ability, the environment and working conditions are good. Permanency is the one chief factor to be considered. All these things make the United States Government service the ideal vocation for capable men and women. Teachers, normal school and college graduates are finding in the government service the line of work that most appeals to them. I advise those not permanently settled or not thoroughly satisfied with the work they are doing to investigate the possibilities under civil service.

A TOAST

I drink to her if her eyes be bright
I drink to her if her lips be fire,
I drink to her hair, her hands, her breasts,
To her very soul—and my desire.
A. M. B.

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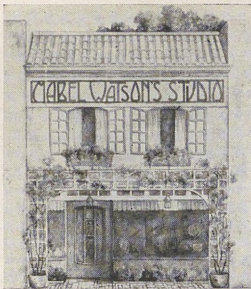
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WOMENS' CLUBS

(Continued from page 21)

grave council, debating what punishment should be meted out to the seven-year-old boy for his "crime."

Mr. Gibson told, also, of the avid efforts of the Belgians to secure newspapers in order to gain a knowledge of the true war conditions from the Allies side. He related how in the beginning of the war, after the Germans had suppressed the publication of any newspaper except an official German one, the Belgium people had paid as high as \$4, \$12 and even \$33 for a newspaper. Later, he said, the people would rent out such newspapers as they were able to secure, each citizen paying a stipulated sum for the privilege of reading it. Now, Mr. Gibson said, there is a newspaper published secretly in Belgium, which the Germans have been unable to locate. A copy of this paper is sent each morning to the German governor general of Belgium, much to his irate displeasure.

In the beginning of the war, the Belgians wore a buttonhole emblem of their national colors. These they were ordered to discard. In their place the Belgian patriots substituted a bit of ivy. The Germans did not learn the meaning of this emblem, which, however, meant, "I die where I cling." In many instances the Belgians decorated their coats with a scrap of paper, but the German mind did not grasp the significance of this reference to the "treaty" which they had so wantonly broken.

Many other interesting details were given by Mr. Gibson, who declared that the whole truth of the German atrocities committed in Belgium would never be known until after the Allies gain their victory and the Huns have been forced to evacuate Belgium.

THE Ebell Club for its program Monday last, enjoyed a most interesting talk on Italy and the War, given by Madam Arabella Angelini, who is one of the most eloquent and gifted visitors who has come to Los Angeles recently. Saturday evening the Ebell club members entertained with a colonial ball for its Red Cross wool fund. This affair proved one of the notable events in the club's social calendar.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 15)

every one can "do his bit" and have a great glorious time doing it. The Shriners are promoting the big affair and for the purpose they have purchased outright Al G. Barnes' great four-ring circus. March 18 to 23 are scheduled for the big show, which will be put on at Prager's Park. Performances will be given every afternoon and evening during the dates named and if the Shriners Red Cross circus doesn't reap in the shekels by the hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, then it's because we've outgrown circuses, even when given to provide wool for willing workers to knit into comfy articles of clothing for our soldiers to wear. Many famous motion picture stars have volunteered to assist in making the event one of the greatest successes ever given for the Red Cross.

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A BUSINESS COUNSEL

BY WILBUR HALL

BC. attached to the unpretentious American name of a plain, unvarnished American business man aroused my curiosity, as it, no doubt, will yours. My story concerns the present activities here in Los Angeles of a man too modest to talk about himself in spite of the fact that he has built up a great business as an advisor for other people and loath to commit himself to the hands of such a hair-brained eulogist as myself. William Dexter Curtis, B. C., was an old friend of my father's, and has always been a friend to me—the kind who notices the imagination. House is a nice, pleasant, quiet individual, with a lot of common sense and tons of dependability, and almost a surplussage of that rare quality, the ability to keep his mouth shut. He goes where the president cannot go. He hears what the president has no opportunity to hear. He learns facts the president wouldn't get at all until he'd been out of office a year or so. Moreover he is on the outside looking in. He has no axe to grind, no private vendettas to carry on, no clients or constituents to represent, no oily diplomats to please or placate.



WILLIAM DEXTER CURTIS

what you are doing and comments on your success and boosts for you and doesn't expect any returns on the investment or want them.

Mr. Curtis himself is fairly well known in California. For almost a quarter of a century he has been engaged here in the advertising business, and his judgment, ability, conservatism and genius for publicity (always for the other fellow) has brought him in touch with most of the big enterprises of the Pacific Coast, some of which he has helped to make what they are today. He has touched more businesses and more business men of importance from more different angles than any man I know of—as extensively, probably, as any Westerner you care to name—and this has given him a world of experience. He is temperamentally fitted to give a sympathetic but dispassionate hearing to a business problem, his knowledge of the game enables him to assimilate and analyse a situation quickly and accurately, and he is about as human as they are made at the present time and with the materials in hand. In short he has the goods to start with.

Then what? Why—, well you know Col. E. M. House. There is something about the Colonel's relation to and relations with President Wilson that stirs

He comes fresh to every problem the president presents to him. He sits back and watches the fight—and then comes through with his recommendations as to the decision. And he is worth about three times as much to the president as the president receives in salary, emoluments, expense account and pin money, and you can bet your last year's straw hat on that!

W. D. Curtis's idea is to be a Col. House to the troubled and perplexed business man, and the more I think of it, the more I believe it's some idea.

It strikes me that W. D. Curtis has hit the right idea. If he has, it strikes me that there ought to be a good deal he could do for a business—anybody's business, if you please—provided he has the equipment. I claim he has, and I know him. He is a conservative, that's certain. He feels his way until he is sure of it. He doesn't believe in leaping without taking a precautionary and preliminary look, but when he once gets at the point, he finishes up on that subject right there. He is a man of strong convictions, and his convictions justify like a line of type. They come out even. A lot of business men already know that—I'm telling the rest of you.

One trouble with him is that he won't talk about his work much. I know, as

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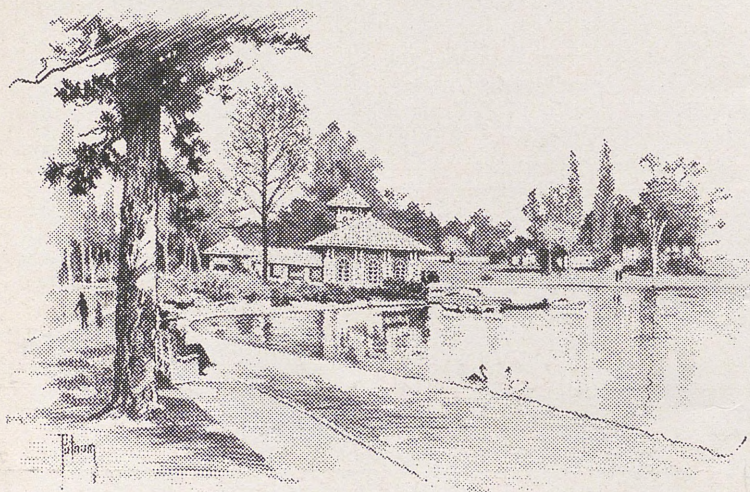
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a story writing person, that he is full to the brim with business romance—business adventures; but if you think you can pry material out of him you've never experienced the rare and juicy joys of attempting to open an old oyster with a penknife or a hat pin. Curtis' gives up like the roots of an old molar—painfully. But I gather that some of the things he has accomplished in his experience as a business counselor are meaty with interest. Avoiding details and names and dates he does confess to a few things that indicate to me the scope of his new and fascinating work.

“I don't claim,” Mr. Curtis says, “any uncanny sagacity or genius. I have had some experience with different lines of business on my own hook, and I have been studying business and business methods all my life.

When I am called into consultation I have an open mind. I don't hold my theories as to the trouble in hand. I listen and observe and look around—

It is a demonstrable proposition that an outside agent, given some intelligence and perception, can diagnose a business weakness in an enterprise better than any member of the concern, because he is an outsider and has no prejudices or personal animus or interest in anything save locating the disease. I know it is demonstrable because I am demonstrating it all the time.”

Well, there's Doc Curtis—the genial gentleman with the financial stethoscope, the commercial clinical thermometer, and the industrial *pharmacopoeia*—prepared to drop in and feel the pulse of your office, look down the throat of your accounting system, roll a few bitter pills for your sales manager, put a cold compress on your vanity, and reduce the fever in your personal conceit at a moment's notice! If your enterprise has that tired feeling and a bad taste in its mouth mornings, I'd recommend a call. It sounds reasonable, doesn't it? And, personally, I can't think of any man I know better qualified to take the temperature of a business or to feel the pulse of an office force than is Mr. Curtis. He has a perfectly human viewpoint—in fact, the human factor in business is his special interest and concern. And more and more, as nearly as I see it, the business world is taking account of the human factor, weighing and measuring it, trying to adjust it to exigencies of environment, pulling all the square pegs out of the round holes and shifting them until they fit in, and generally adjusting themselves to our common discovery of recent years that, when all is said and done, no amount of capital and organization and book-keeping and efficiency gabble can go any distance towards making up for weak or dispirited or misplaced or ineffectual human agents and that the highest efficiency really accrues when your people are working *with* you instead of *for* you. If anybody can iron out the wrinkles in your business, Curtis, with his long and varied experiences, should be able to qualify. Am I right? Mebbe so, brother; mebbe so!

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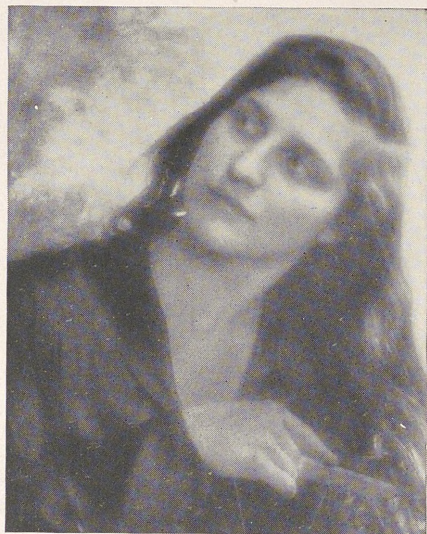
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